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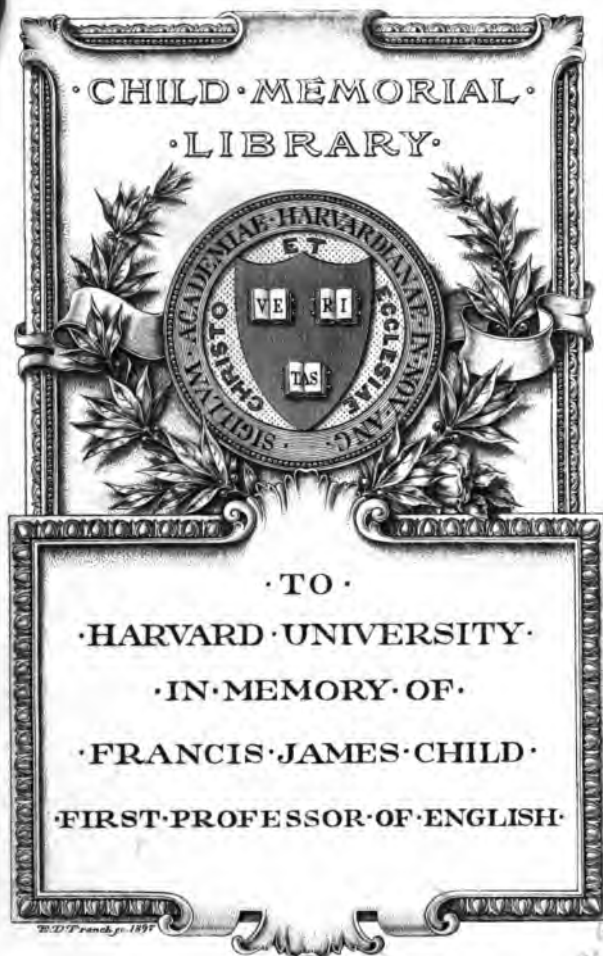
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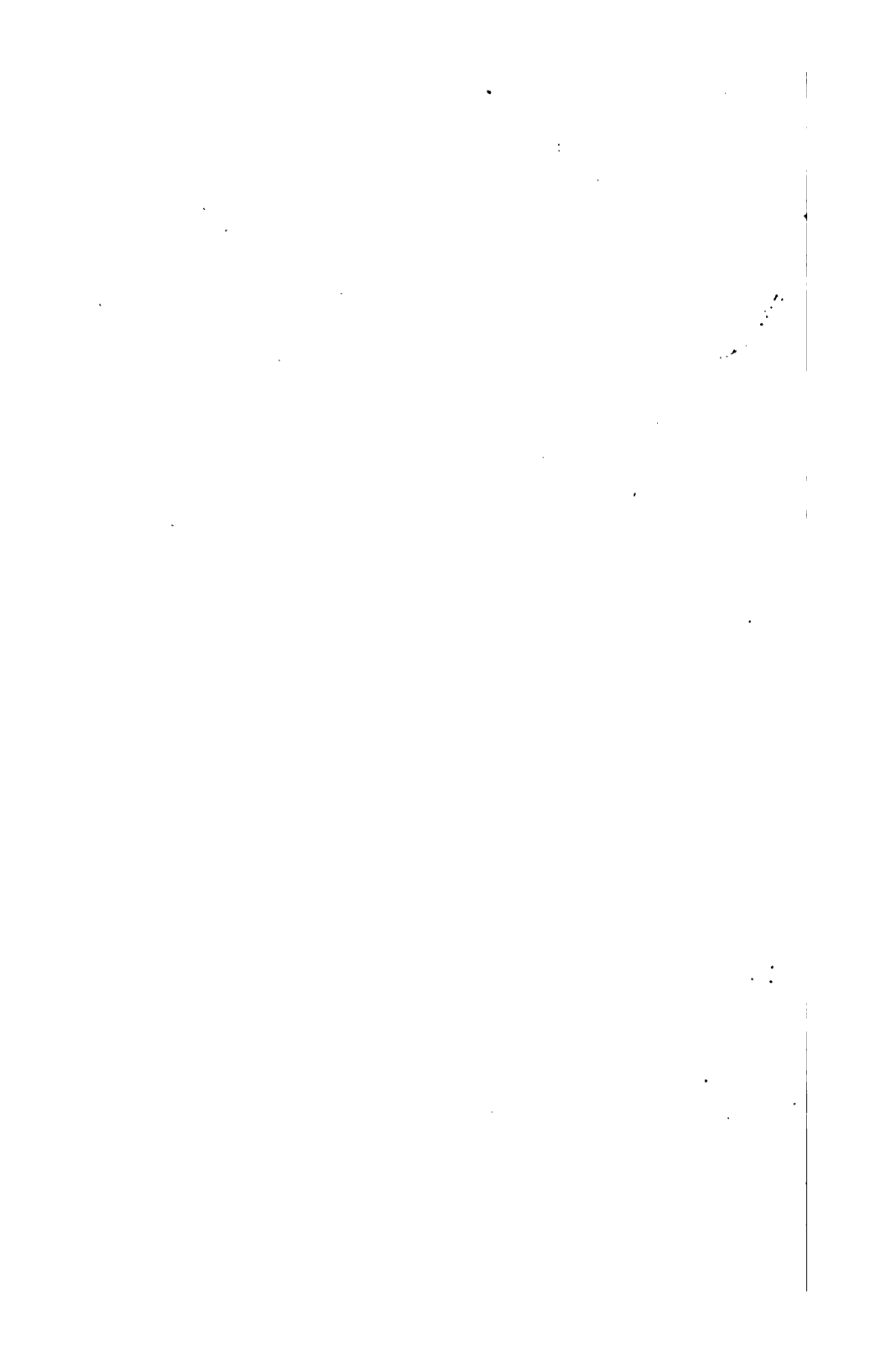
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*Mr. Walsingham  
with the authors best wishes*

# HOLLY-GROVE.

AN

EPITHALAMIC SATIRE;

WITH

*Anecdotal Notes.*

BY THOMAS LITTLE, Esq.

EDITOR OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH;  
DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S; HARRIETTE WILSON; MARION WARDEN'S; AND  
OTHER CELEBRATED MEMOIRS, &c.

Part I.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

J. J. STOCKDALE, CARLTON COLONNADE,

1828.

*Price Five Shillings.*

IN THE PRESS.

PART II., containing Cantos V. and VI., and the Notes on Canto IV.

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# HOLLY - GROVE.

## EPITHALAMIC SATIRE.

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### CANTO I.

YEAR, most propitious, to our earthly leaven!  
The eighteenth century, and twenty-seven!  
For ever, may, thy fame be kept, in mind,  
By all the vot'ries of that urchin, blind,  
Whose barbed darts, promiscuously, bold,  
Without distinction, pierce the young, and old:  
In ev'ry class, his trade is sure to thrive,  
And witless fifteen weds with ninety-five!

Long had, together, pac'd Brighthelmstone's sands—  
Long talk'd of love; and Hymen's silken bands—

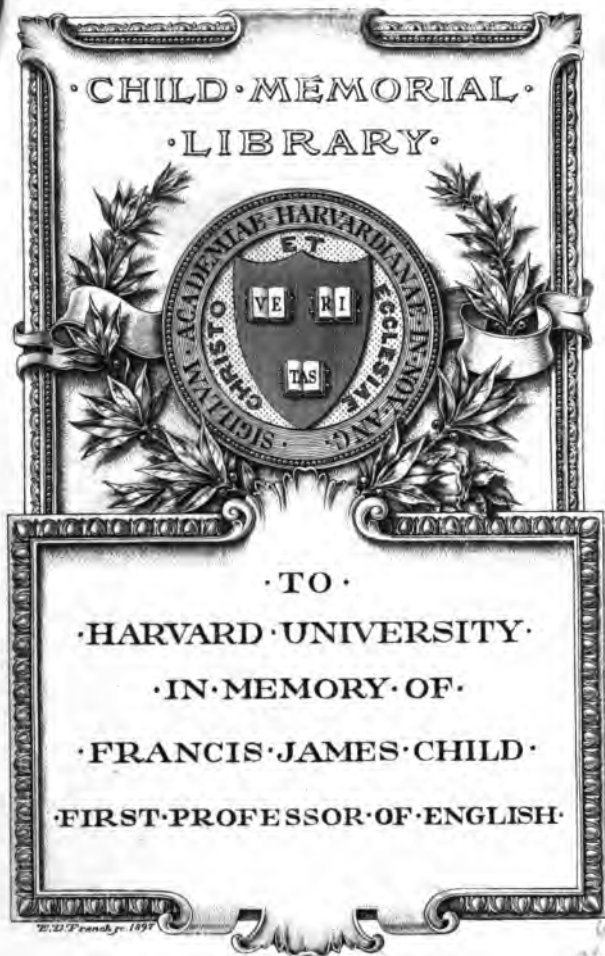


Long trod the streets—long scour'd the dusty roads,  
 From Town, to Brighton—eyed those blest abodes,  
 Where Florizel enjoy'd Perditta's charms,  
 And fat, fair, forty sunk, in George's arms :—  
 Long, Harriet, wistful view'd the ducal crown,  
 Long, practis'd smiles displac'd her temper's frown—  
 Long, Beauclerc sigh'd for Coutts' exhaustless bag,  
 Deplor'd its price ;—yet would not lose the swag.

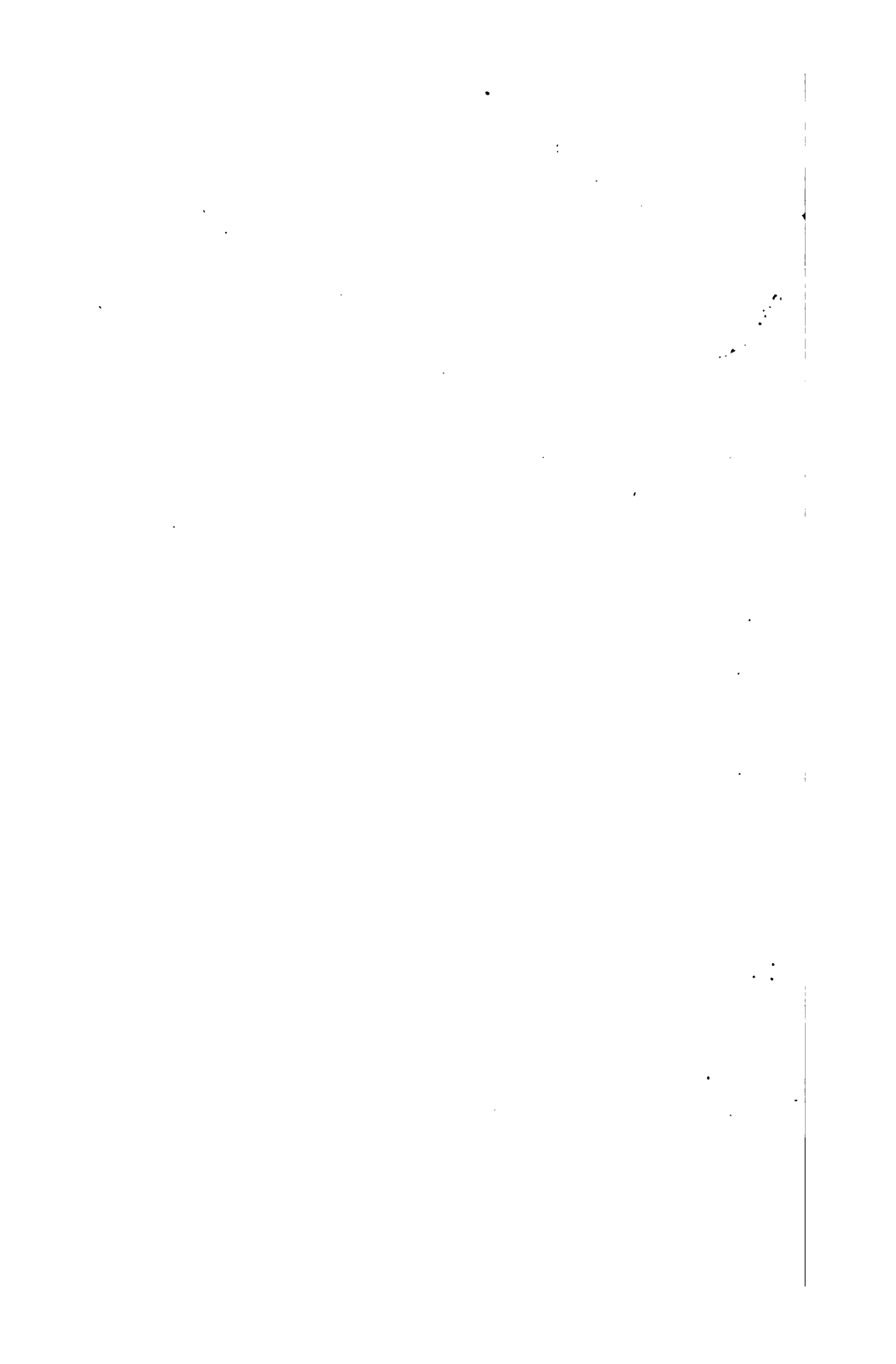
Again, a respite, to that fatal day,  
 When she, her cash, and he, his fame, must pay. 20  
 The sighing dolts, once more, their wits, apply,  
 To chace their fears—and, once more, travel try.  
 Their gaudy trains, now, hasten to set forth,  
 From murky London, to the keener North—  
 Attract all eyes, in every place they pass,  
 She, a rich ———, he, a half-bred ass :  
 Doubting, between two hay-stacks, there he stands,  
 Until his feet exclaim, pray, help us, hands !  
 O'er England's borders, onward, still they tour—  
 'Tis pleasant trav'ling, in a chaise and four, 30  
 With money, plenty :—all the world attends—  
 All strive to grace their list of honor'd friends.

The "March of Intellect" brooks no control—  
 She "feast of reason," and he "flow of soul"—  
 From John o'Groat's, to the Land's End they fly—  
 The Scots aw, hoo—John Bull's in ecstasy.  
 "Sure, such a pair," till now, "was never seen,"  
 So form'd, by nature's self, to meet, I ween.  
 Addresses, may, from Corporations, come,  
 Invites, and dinner's wait us, next, "at home."  
 Before we part, exclaims the fair, decide,  
 To take me, to thy bed, a blooming bride;  
 What! Hesitate, Automaton? I say,  
 Marry thou shalt, or, on the low'ring day,  
 In June, thou promise'st, thy Countess, to pay,<  
 D—n me, the mortgage, if I don't foreclose,  
 And give, to all the Beauclerc's, such a dose—  
 Thou, and thy bare-breech'd brethren, shall deplore  
 Lands, houses, incomes, lost, for evermore—  
 Thy sisters, then, their kindred equals meet,  
 With mutual welcomes, houseless, in the street.  
 Convinc'd—the enamour'd swain groan'd, shook his head—  
 'Tis hard—but I must have a Wife, for—bread.

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*Mr. Hasingham*  
*with the authors best wishes*  
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Keene, thou art gone, while I was poor, my cupid; 140  
But, I got rich—thou waxed'st old, and stupid.  
Thou, Sheridan, accept my fond farewell.—  
Raymond, and Tempest, nothing, now, can tell.  
Ragghi, and Morriset, no more shall dodge,  
Within the precincts of dear Holly-Lodge.  
To Arnold, half; Barry, one sigh, to thee;  
But, as for Haines, I can well spare him three.

Be silent, Spring! Thou art my sprig of myrtle,  
An ever-green—not much unlike a turtle. 149

END OF CANTO I.

# NOTES

ON

## HOLLY-GROVE.

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### CANTO 1.

*Line 8. And witless fifteen weds with ninety-five.*

WE all know that such matches, as this, have taken place; but what have the Duke and Duchess of St. Alban's to do with it? Every one must be aware that the Duke was, at least, twenty-one, or he could not have taken his seat, in the House of Peers; and SHELDRAKE's Memoirs prove that the Duchess must be under sixty; though I have some reason to think her older, than, even, he makes her. She really, carries her age, admirably. When Miss Duncan, at about thirty, married Davison, who was only twenty-three, Harriet Mellon was one of the loudest declaimers against the indecency of *the bride*, for having entered into an alliance, so preposterous, in point of years!! The cases of the late Duke of Roxburgh, with the fair wanderer, and that of Mr. Coke of Norfolk with Lord Albemarle's daughter, were the reverse,



of that of the Duke of St. Alban's. They both married young girls, who brought them children.

*Line 13. Where Florizel enjoy'd Perditta's charms,  
And fat, fair, forty, sunk in George's arms.*

The Prince, and Mistresses Robinson and Fitzherbert, are not out of recollection. The latter has a complexion, now, that she has turned eighty, which girls might envy. I believe that, if it were, ever paralleled, it was only by Ninon de l'Enclos. The poet errs in saying that she *sunk*, if the allusion be to her conduct. The Prince sunk; but  
HIS WIFE ROSE.

*Line 17. Long, Beauclerc sigh'd for Coutts' exhaustless bag,  
Deplor'd the price; yet would not lose the swag.*

"*Slang*" has long been rising, in the esteem of fashionables, or such a phrase would not come within, even poetical license. "Swag" is the slang-term for BOOTY, however obtained.

*Line 39. Addresses may, from Corporations, come,  
Invites, and dinners, want us, next, at home.*

This may, by a stretch of poetical license, refer to Mrs. Coutts's attempt (see *Memoirs*, p. 115,) to obtain the freedom of Edinburgh—and her endeavour, through Sir William Beechey, to dine with the Royal Academy!

Albeit, I confess, very much of a head and shoulder introduction, being in the mood, I cannot refrain, and therefore, humbly, beg pardon, for my abruptness. The Duchess will not withhold her mercy; for, if her Grace, attach any portion of it, to herself, it must either be in a corporate, or papa-imperial capacity: and, if, in the latter, it must be as Pope Joan!

The Pope, stopping, in a little village, of Italy, for the night, the inhabitants resolved to send him, a deputation. The Mayor thought it an excellent opportunity of offering, to his holiness, the productions of the country—pine-apples, figs, and cream. The pine-apples were over-ripened: perhaps they were rarities, to the villagers themselves. It was resolved that each deputy should carry figs, and cream, in silver basins.

Now, said the Mayor, big with self-sufficiency, You are not in the common habit of familiar intercourse, with personages of high rank; let us have no vagaries: do just what you see me do: neither more, nor less—an instruction, scarcely inferior to that of Prince Hamlet, to the players.

The deputation fell into its respectively assigned places, preceded by the Mayor, himself a conglomeration of majesty, holding, like his followers, a basin filled with figs in the left hand, and a similar basin of cream in the right.

At that time, beards were in vogue. The door opened, and the care-taking Mayor, repeated to his train, in an audible whisper—"Neither more, nor less, I beseech you."

There was a descending step, to the room; but, the Mayor, solely intent on the importance of the occasion, stumbled, which caused him to dip his head into the basin of cream, and fell, upon his knees, with his hands under him, and his face protruding.

The Corporation, thinking this an essential point of form, prostrated themselves, one by one, in rapid succession, ducking their heads, in the cream, and turning their faces, masked as they were, towards their leader, to be sure that all was right.

The Pope was, for a moment, astounded; but, at length, he burst into a roar of laughter; while his attendants, conceiving that some sturdy vagabonds had, merely, sought an audience, to insult his holiness, scrambled up the figs, and pelted the sapient Corporation, most lustily.

The Mayor, covered with bruises, got out of the presence, as speedily, as possible, followed, in quick time, though orderly too, by his brethren, one of whom, in a half-tone, said in his ear, "Wasn't it lucky we didn't bring the pine-apples? They'd have batter'd our brains, to mummy!"

*Line 46. D—n me, the mortgage, if I don't foreclose.*

I once heard Lady —— swear, like a trooper, at one of her grooms; but, that was in "auld lang syne," and such things never occur, in this Bible-age! She squared her elbows, and stuck her knuckles, upon her hip bones.

*Line 49. Lands, houses, incomes, lost, for evermore.*

This seems to be a mysterious allusion to some extensive mortgage, held by Coutts's widow, and, *in terronem* too.

Credat Judæus—non ego!

As far as my own observation has enabled me to judge, from external appearances, I never saw a less assuming, or less expensive young man, in his, elevated rank: and, as for dissipation, he seemed insensible of its existence. I often pointed him out to my own family as a pattern of fraternal and domestic excellence—and thought that, if he made a sacrifice of himself, it was at the shrine of his sisters and brothers, in whom all his happiness before marriage, and not a little after it, appeared to be concentrated.

*Line 54. Mercy! O Harriet, thus far! I pray;  
Like other culprits, grant me a long day—*

It is a common practice, I see, by the newspapers, for criminals, condemned to die, to address the Judge—  
“A long day, my lord.”

*Line 64. A Parent's vices .....*

Entwistle gave a dinner at an ale-house, on the death of his wife. At least Miss Mellon's mother, married pr

not, bore Entwistle's name, and living as man and wife, according to Mr. Justice Park, the law so considers them, and wants no other proof, except in a criminal case! When she was breathing her last, Entwistle bade to Miss Hunt, with whom he co-habited, "Kate, take care of the bags." They were found to contain eight hundred guineas; therefore she, with such a surplus beyond her wants, might be said to have the honour of dying rich!

*Line 66. Mine were mere foibles.....*

It is too true that the lower orders are daily, nay, hourly, placed at the bar of justice, for crimes which, in the higher, are made subjects of boast. How frequently, for example, are drunkenness, and debauchery punished, by the very men, who are reeking hot with aggravated instances of similar offences? The new volumes v. VI. and VII. of Harriette Wilson, and Stockdale's Budget, furnish many such examples.

I well remember, when visiting my friend, the late John Bowles, Esq., one of the Dutch Commissioners, at Dulwich, his fining another magistrate, the celebrated Henry Redhead Yorke, Esq., who called in at that time, five shillings for having left Mr. Bowles's dinner-table, in a state of intoxication the day before. Mr. Yorke, with the greatest good humour, threw down half a guinea, saying, "Magistrates should pay double." He was also in the commission of the peace, though he was nearly a Mulatto, and had suffered two years' imprisonment, in

Dorchester Castle, for sedition. I think he was of Christ-Church, Cambridge; and know him to have been an accomplished scholar, though not exactly fitted for the magistracy.

*Line 72. Aware of closets, windows, and what not,  
Nor crevices, nor eyelet-holes forgot.*

I am surprised that the satirist should have omitted looking-glasses; to which a discovery of Sir Sidney Smith, in the *blue-room* of the late Princess of Wales, at Blackheath, was attributed. More seems to be meant, than meets the sight here.

— was toying with Miss —, on a sofa, when, though the door was fastened, she caught a full eye, directly upon them, through the key-hole, and could not repress an involuntary scream, which was answered, by her lover, in the words of a dramatic writer—

“I’ll act my joys, tho’ thunder shake the room.”

I always thought that this scene surpassed, in brilliancy of colour, Mrs. Shandy’s question, about the clock.

The peeper was no more heard of, after that day, he, or she, having quitted the scene, in less than an hour, ignorant, equally, of the names and persons of those, whose privacy had thus, strangely, been intruded upon. Assurance: Miss —, that, her lover being no more, she need be under no anxiety; for the secret has never, till

now, been even alluded to, and that it shall die with me.  
*I NEVER break a confidence!*

I am glad to find that Her Grace is so much on her guard. Was it of Hannah Brown, and Sukey Dennett, that she made the valuable purchase of this knowledge?

Knowing, as they may think themselves, it is no easy matter for females to be on their guard, against the wiles of the other sex; therefore, their real security consists, even among each other, never to do any thing, which, if it should obtain publicity, would give them cause to blush.

Some years since, in a county, not far distant from Derby, the Misses ———, and their female visitors, were accustomed, during the summer, to bathe, in a romantically retired, and sheltered portion of a stream, which flowed through their father's, and some adjoining grounds. As, in the course of their social parties, this was frequently a subject of conversation, the son of a gentleman, who resided not far off, resolved to share their pleasures. He, consequently, watching his opportunity, stole down the stream, as silently as possible, till he obtained a view of about a dozen nymphs, whose primitive charms might have animated a very statue. Mr. ——— then dived, and rose amongst the group, undiscovered. At length Miss ——— exclaimed, "Law, Mary, here's a ——— with a handle to it!"

Mr. ——— now thought it time to get away, and he withdrew, as he came, having heard many comments on the impossibility of Miss ———'s assertion. His com-

trivance was never disclosed, to the females; but Miss ——— was, perfectly, satisfied that she had made no mistake—it was no mistake—it *could be no mistake*, to hope that the ladies, who bathe, publicly, at watering-places, will not despise this fact.

Gen. Sir Evan Baillie, Bart., advertised, by reference, at Ridgway's, for a governess. On Miss ——— calling, he wished (like Brodie, with Marion Warden) to have her as his mistress: but her brother, a lieutenant in the navy, compelled a public apology.

Oliveira, on the same plan, referred the house-maids, whom he was, ever, in want of, to his own house. I have a fund of private history, of this gentleman, who will, probably, exult, in his teeming notoriety. These beatons cannot be rendered too conspicuous.

The late Marchioness of Buckingham, who was very girlish, in those matters, dressed up a handsome youth, on a visit, at Stowe, Captain, or Major, Browne, (not of Aylesbury,) in the attire of a female, whom she introduced as a rich West Indian. She soon obtained suitors, in Captain Ladbrooke, and one of the Praeds, the opulent bankers of Fleet-street, Cornwall, &c.

This freak was carried on, a considerable time; and the worst part of the story is, that the young West Indian was allowed to retire, with the ladies; though he might be subject, to some surveillance. Her companions, jealously, commented, on the awkward, hoydenly gait of the opulent exotic; but, as she was rich, and a West Indian, and a fine, bounding girl to boot, surprise, at those defects, soon



subsided, among the ladies, and her lovers were not long in discovering that they added to, rather than diminished her personal charms. There is no saying to what extent, the joke might have been carried, if poor Browne had not felt himself compelled to declare, that flesh and blood could sustain, such an ordeal, no longer !

*Line 76. Trust no hand, save my own, to bolt the door.*

Little, in his New Art of Love, quotes Lord Byron thus :—

..... We knew all that before ;  
But beg " Security " will bolt the door.

The preceding anecdote shews that " *Security* " should attend to other minutiae, no less than bolting the door ; though it would have been well for Mr. Upton and Amy, and Lord Ponsonby and Lady C——, to have adopted that precaution.—(See Harriette Wilson, vols. I. and VI.)

*Line 79. Her own " dear duke," .....*

(See the Duke of Marlborough's Love Letters.)

*Line 81. And, all the while, grimacing, as she went.*

At this time, I resided in St. James's Square. The female part of my family, naturally enough, were often at the windows, as the Duke and Mrs. Coutts passed ; and, it may be, to gratify them, her carriage, generally, turned

round, so as to describe a circle, in the space, opposite my drawing-room. At one of those times, just before the nuptials, when she had the duke fixed, with the aspect of one proceeding to the gallows, by her side, she winked at my wife and daughters, and, elegantly, laid her finger against her nose, more dexterously, than I can describe it.

91. .... long hair'd coat .....

This is not very clear; but as some may apply it, to the superfluous hairs, which have been descried, on her upper lip, and chin, the Duchess of St. Alban's will be gratified to learn somewhat similar of the late, beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the mother of the present Duke, so often alluded to, by Harriette Wilson, throughout her *Memoirs*, as well as in "*Virginia-Water*," which, itself, eloquently discourses, by its contents, the *fashion* of its writer.

The last time I saw her Grace of Devonshire, I was honoured by a seat, in her carriage, in which, also, was Lady Elisabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, of whom, more, hereafter. The duchess's hair was light; and, therefore, not very conspicuous, at a distance. Her grace's chin was well clothed with hair, much of which, I should say, was full three inches, in length. While on the subject of this, ever-fascinating female, I will add that her right eye, had, then, failed her; but the exquisite taste, employed, in bringing a curling ringlet, as if, by chance, over it, actually converted the defect, into additional beauty.

103. *Dogs of the forest, bitches of the room.*

No reflection can be meant! But I particularly, object to ladies cuddling dogs, of which, as well as of monkeys, I can tell a disgusting story or two. In the frigate commanded by the Honorable Captain ———. But that story is interesting enough, like a noun substantive, to stand by itself.

"If a woman approach unto any beast, and lie down thereto, thou shalt kill the woman, and the beast."—*Leviticus*, chap. xxi. v. 6.

*Line 112. Sumatra, send us, then, a wild Orang.*

A boat-party, under the command of Messrs. Craygman and Fish, officers of the brig, Mary Anne Sophia, having landed, to procure water, at Bamboom, near Touraman, on the north-west coast of Sumatra, where there was much cultivated ground, and but few trees, on one of them, discovered a gigantic animal, of the monkey tribe. On the approach of the party, he came to the ground, and sought refuge, in another tree, at some distance, exhibiting, as he moved, the appearance of a tall, man-like figure, covered with brown hair; walking erect, with a waddling gait; sometimes, accelerating his motion, with his hands, and occasionally, impelling himself, forward, with the bough of a tree. His movement, on the ground, was not his natural mode of progression; for, even when assisted by his hands, or a stick, it was

slow and vacillating. It was necessary to see him amongst trees; to estimate his agility and strength. On being driven to a small clump, he gained, by one spring, a very lofty branch, and bounded, from one branch, to another, with the ease and alacrity of a common monkey. The rapidity of his progress equalled that of a swift horse. Even amidst the few trees, on the spot, his movements were so quick, that it was very difficult to obtain a settled aim; and it was, only, by cutting down one tree, after another, that his pursuers, thus confining him within a very limited range, were enabled to destroy him, by several, successful shots, some of which penetrated his body, and wounded his viscera. Having received five balls, his exertions relaxed, and reclining, exhausted, on one of the branches of a tree, he vomited a considerable quantity of blood. The ammunition of the hunters being, by this time, expended, they were obliged to fell the tree, to obtain him, and they did this in full confidence that his power was so far gone, that they could secure him, without trouble; but were astonished; as the tree was falling, to see him effect his retreat, to another, with, apparently, undiminished vigour. In fact, they were obliged to cut down all the trees, before they could drive him to combat on the ground, where he still exhibited surprising strength and agility, although he was, at length, overpowered by numbers, and destroyed by the thrusts of spears, and the blows of stones, and other missiles. When nearly dying, he seized a spear, made of supple wood, which would have withstood the strength of the stoutest man, and shivered it, as if it had been a carrot.

His human-like expression of countenance, and piteous manner of placing his hands, over his wounds, distressed the feelings of his hunters, and almost made them question the nature of the act, they were committing. When dead, both natives, and Europeans, contemplated his figure, with amazement.

The animal was nearly eight feet high, and had a well-proportioned body, with a fine, broad, expanded chest, and narrow waist. His head was in due proportion, to his body; the eyes were large, the nose prominent, and the mouth, much more capacious than the mouth of a man. His chin was fringed, from the extremity of one ear to the other, with a beard, which curled, neatly, on each side, and formed, on the whole, an ornamental, rather than a frightful appendage, to his visage. His arms were very long, even in proportion to his height; but his legs were much shorter. The hair of his coat, was smooth, and glossy, when he was first killed, and his teeth and appearance, altogether, indicated that he was young, and in the full possession of his physical power. Upon the whole, there was more in him to excite wonder, than fear. He was a second Orson.

*Line 113. And let us try a cross, with mother Bang.*

Mrs. Bertram, formerly Kent, (Harriette Wilson, p. 236, vol. IV.) a profligate courtesan, celebrated for her personal beauty, and symmetry. She was an intimate of the notorious Wallace, for whom Harriette Wilson mistook Mr. Rochfort. (See the Continuation of her Memoirs, vol. VI.)

*Line 114. Too long, all classes have bred in, and in.*

That they bred in, and in, as might be shown,  
Marrying their cousins—nay their aunts and nieces,  
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.

This subject is not so unimportant, as is generally thought—or rather it obtains *no* thought. Reference to Thomas Little's *Beauty of the Sexes*, vol. I. p. 252, and *Sequel*, will amply repay its reader's trouble.

*Line 117. Old Dukes.....*

The circumstances, which placed Catharine II. on the throne of Russia, are not more extraordinary than those which elevated the mother of the present Duke of Roxburgh, a minor, to her high station. (See *Memoirs of the Duchess of St. Alban's*.)

During the troubles, in the reign of Charles I. a country girl came, to London, in search of a place; but, not succeeding, she carried out beer, from a brew-house. These females were called tub-women. The brewer, observing her to be very good-looking, took her into his house, and, afterwards, married her. He died, while she was very young, and left her a large fortune. She was recommended to Mr. Hyde, a most able lawyer, to settle her husband's affairs; and he married the widow, and was made Earl of Clarendon. Of this marriage, a daughter was wife to James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England!

One of our peetesses was the wife of a postler, at the White Hart, Uxbridge, where she was undergoing manual chastisement, while his grace was changing horses. Affected with her beauty, and ill treatment, he proposed to take her off the hands of her brutal husband, who gladly relinquished her, for a pot of beer! She was seated by the side of her future husband, who educated her, for an, all but regal station of opulence, and, ultimately, made her Duchess (of Chandos, I fancy it was). I know not whether it was this, or the preceding instance, alluded to, by the late Marquess of Buckingham, when he observed that a woman was raised, from the washing-tub, to be a duchess.

*Line 137. But he can fix a place whereat to meet.*

When shall we three meet again—the horse, the girl, and the peer?

*Line 137. At once his cousin, brother, heir, and friend.*

Some years since, when Lord Clinton went abroad, before the death of the first Lady Rolle, Lord Rolle told me, that he was highly offended with Lord Clinton, who would not leave his proxy, as a peer, in Lord Rolle's hands, and, in consequence, the latter meant to will all away from Lord Clinton, whom, he would otherwise, have made his heir. The subsequent marriage, I hoped, however, would have removed this schism, which had rankled in

Lord Rolle's breast, many many years; for his disposition is not very forgiving, as the county contests have, unhappily, proved.

Lady Rolle's brother, George Trefusis, I have been told, is likely to have a large legacy, from Lord Rolle; but Mr. Moore, of the Temple, will come into the bulk of the immense property, by duplex right, of heir, and favor too. I have not seen him for many years; but my recollection of him tells me that he was mild, amiable, and gentlemanly.

That Lord Rolle had earned his peerage, by his devotion to Mr. Pitt, there can be no doubt; but the anecdotes, ("Budget," p. 66.) show, that I, possibly, hastened his rise.

*Line 140. Keene, thou art gone! while I was poor, my  
cupid;*

*But I got rich—thou waxed'st old and stupid.*

Mr. Keene was an attorney at Stafford, where he was extremely fascinated by Miss Mellon's charms. Assuming the freedom of an old acquaintance, he used to be well received at Holly Lodge, as, I think, Miss Mellon's country-house, was named. What rank he held, in the lady's affections, I shall not state here; but he had no great gift of conversation; therefore he used to sit on the sofa, without regard to doors, or key-holes; sigh, perhaps, and say nothing. Miss Mellon designated him "Old



Stupid." I have heard that he broke his neck, a short time since, by a fall, from his horse.

*Line 142. Thou, Sheridan, accept my fond farewell.*

This was not Richard Brinsley—No, no. He was too old, and poor, and Harriet, far too good a judge of matters, for that. It was Charles, though, a nephew of Richard; and, as he possessed a certain degree of *modest* assurance, and she neither lacking ease, nor impudence, he was not unwelcome at the Lodge, where his hostess honoured him with the cognomen of "Young Nuisance."

*Line 143. Raymond, and Tempest, nothing, now can tell!*

Very true; but they were of those, who had acquired a title, to a sleeping-room, at the Lodge, *quand même*. Raymond, has been, sufficiently noticed, by every one, though slightly, yet slightly, by Sheldrake. I knew Raymond well. In Piccadilly—but no—I shall make this too interesting—and, having *sauce*, enough, for many dishes; why should I waste it all, on one? though it be such an one!

Sir Henry Tempest was the proprietor of Holly-Lodge; and I have no reason to doubt his having found a good tenant, as well as an advantageous purchaser, either in

Miss Mellon, or in Mr. Coutts, or in both. Sir Henry, certainly, *made a good thing of her concerns!* He was her *homme d'affaires*, much accustomed to look, closely, into things—duly appreciated the different value given to a nought, when nothing stood before it, and the same, with a tail attached to it—yelept a 9! He had a house, at Englefield Green, or Egham, I forget which, and thence his pretty daughter eloped, with George Hicks, Esq., an attorney, out of practice, in Upper Seymour Street. He is not the same as the *late* George Hicks, a resident in the same street, and who married an old maiden of honor, he being a son of the late King's washerwoman. Had he not been a justice of the peace—not one of the *unpaid*, but a *rare* justice, as Mister Blore would say—and, as every body else would have said,—had he not been a *rare* justice—very like a shaved baboon, in shape, and manner. Not like the Sumatra giant, but one of the five feet nothings. He stooped, very much, had a shuffling gait, and was nearly the colour of a half-caste. Sir Henry Tempest, however, might make a very good steward, notwithstanding. This enables me to bring in a story of an old Duke of Bedford, who, being asked, whose carriage, and SIX, was passing, said, it was Mr. ———'s, his land-steward. An expression of surprise naturally followed, when his grace, added, "Yes—but if he cheats me himself, he takes care that no one else shall do so." Miss Mellon seemed to be of the same opinion.

*Line 144. Ragghé, and Morriset, no more shall dodge,  
Within the precincts of famed Holly-Lodge.*

These gentlemen were in very high favor. The former, like Raymond, had a *douceur* of five thousand guineas, to compensate the privation he must, necessarily, experience, when policy, and propriety combined, to render his visits, no longer convenient; even if they should be desirable.

Morriset obtained rank in the British army. I have been told that he was a Captain, which he might well be; I mean, if he, or any other person, could find sufficient favor with the late Commander-in-Chief.

*Line 144. To Arnold, half; Barry, one sigh, to thee.*

The former is *The English Opera-man*, and was one of those, qualified to sleep at Holly-Lodge, or, in other words, make it their home. Sheldrake, in his *Memoirs*, p. 68, gives an account of the result of Mr. Arnold's intimacy with Sally Stephenson; but he, more fortunate than Sally, lost nothing of his hostess's favor. Some say, indeed, that she promoted the intercourse; but I do not credit that assertion. I can add, a great deal, to Mr. Arnold's secret biography.

Tom Barry, was, perhaps, the only one, among the crowd of pretenders, whom Miss Mellon would have chosen to marry; and this was, before she became intimate with Coutts. As it, frequently, happens, when she would, he would not. After she became rich, Tom rallied, and

again evinced a disposition to urge his pretensions, so warmly, that she, very properly, would never allow him to be admitted; and I have no reason to suppose that she conceded a single, other interview.

Miss Mellon's motives of action, almost always partook somewhat of the selfish and unamiable. She had no particular liking to Holly-Lodge, herself; and she permitted its sale to be announced, and visitors were allowed to its inspection, without the least remorse. One day, however, Sir Richard Phillips, accompanied by Lady and Miss, nearly covered with gold braiding, going to see it, and making arrangements in the different rooms, as though the purchase were already settled, in his own mind, she, at once declared that he should not have it; for she would keep it herself, and she became its purchaser, accordingly, to its owner's great joy.

*Line 147. But, as for Haines, I can well spare him three.*

Tempest Haines was a godson of Sir Henry, and enjoyed the favor, derived from his god-papa, in addition to what his personal *agrémens* entitled him to; in the eyes of his fair mistress. By the bye, there are, who object to my epithet fair, for which they would substitute *dark*. I do not know whether he were a West Indian, though I think he had property, in that part of the world, or whether his complexion partook not of Harriet's tinge; but, from some cause or other, he obtained no little pre-eminence, in the lady's good graces.

Sally Stephenson always maintained that Harriet Mellon had a *constitutional* coldness towards the other sex, though *curious* rumours prevailed, as to her own. By her conduct, it is evident that she wished a different impression, to be promulgated, generally.

Coutts visited her, for years, with his two emphatic single knocks, unknown, by name, to any one, in her house. He was admitted by Hannah Brown, and shewn out by Harriet. Hannah, however, had too much of the materials of our first parent, to be satisfied with ignorance of *things*, whatever inconsequence she might attach to names; and stationed herself between two rooms, in a closet, from which she saw whatever took place, between Mr. Coutts, and Harriet Mellon, before their marriage!

“What, then, ensued, beseems not me, to say.”

Coutts never used to intrude, at Holly-Lodge, where, therefore, Miss Mellon had every thing her own way. Tempest Haines was no singer; but, after dinner, his hostess used to call him to the head of the table, to give his imitation, if not of voice, certainly of the windmill-attitude of Sinclair, with his arms and legs, when singing,

Pray goody, please to moderate  
The rancour of your tongue; &c.

always taking care to avoid any appearance of identifying Harriet, with the words.

Some have doubted Raymond's connexion, being more than mere appearance: or, if otherwise, Miss Mellon was

of an accommodating disposition, when, and where she pleased. Besides Raymond's domestic establishment, in Chester-street, Grosvenor-place, he was a constant visitor on Mrs. Malpas, who lived, apart from her husband, at Mr. Cooke's, hosier, in the Strand, independently of Miss Vallancey.

Sukey Dennett inhabited a second floor, in Long-acre, opposite to Miss Vallancey, who occupied a first floor, in which Raymond, frequently, made his appearance, at a well-supplied table. Sukey might be envious: at all events she dropped an intimation of some particulars, of which she was an eye-witness, to Miss Mellon, who repeated them to *The Manager*, and he docked poor Sukey of her; theatrical engagement.

*Line 148. Be silent, Spring! Thou art my sprig of myrtle,  
An evergreen—not much unlike a turtle.*

Mr. Spring, the box-office-keeper, at Drury Lane. It is very judicious to require his silence; but what will he get by it? He complains, that, notwithstanding his tender assiduities, and being a banking-customer, to boot, that Her Grace, only *graced* his benefit, by her absence. All things considered, this was not only unkind; but in bad taste. He was one of her select—though he seems to have thought that jealousy would have been out of place: and he, certainly, is a high authority.

The rumoured *conception* having been named, he observed, that ladies, who were fond of the bottle, had no

taste the other way. He had been with her, in all situations;—in all possible situations—even in her bed-room. No! No! (as Sally Stephensen says) she could not bear other women to engross the attention of gentlemen, but she had no inclination that way, herself!

Why, my fine fellow, this is *Æsop* revived.—But *she* cannot be a *dog* in the manger, on account of her sex! Mr. Spring estimates her Grace's age at fifty-six. Assimilating Spring to a turtle, cannot be for his billing and cooing propensity; therefore it must refer to his gait, and the position of his hands, when he walks. His arms hang down; but his hands, extend, on either side, horizontally, instead of perpendicularly; and which gives them some resemblance, to the fins of a turtle.

Talking of box-office-keepers, I have heard of a trait, in the character of Mr. Massingham, the box-office-keeper, of the Haymarket Theatre, which makes me rejoice in an opportunity, though I do not know him personally, to bear this testimony, to merits, which would do honour to any rank of society.

#### END OF NOTES ON CANTO.

# HOLLY - GROVE.

AN

## EPITHALAMIC SATIRE.

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### CANTO II.

OH! Royal York, why was I not thy bride?  
Had I but cradled thee, thou hadst not died—  
And love, and need, have nought to do, with pride,  
Thy King, and brother's self, was not so nice,  
He married—first for love, and last for vice.  
The case is clear: if love cannot attain  
To rank—rank must descend, again.

At times, I love; and, having money, too,  
I'll have a duke, though one step below you.



Then, Harriet, quickly mov'd her sturdy stumps—  
 Queen Dollolollolla marries, Jemmy Jumps.  
 She, singly, beat him, at his favorite cricket;  
 He, fairly, bowl'd him into her double wicket.

Still, what is done? We've, almost, play'd a year—  
 This *match*, will never have an end, I fear.  
 My motto sooth'd—I took the tempting bait,  
 Sprung out of debt, into the marriage-state:  
 But now, methinks; the Oracle's a liar—  
 'Twas, from the frying-pan, into the fire; 20  
 And as I look upon my helpmate's hairy  
 Lip, think that it should be read, just contrary.  
 Harriet quotes Shakspeare's book, inferring thence,  
 They “ palter with us, in a double sense.”  
 Our prospect will be realised, again,  
 When “ Birnam Wood *return* to Dunsinane.”  
 Fortune! have I not dar'd enough for thee?  
 ‘ What man dare, I dare!’—thou’rt too much for me.

Sire of my ancestors! that thou didst sin,  
 In by-gone days, with naughty Mistress Gwynne, 30  
 I owe my being. Thy example, now,  
 If I adopt, needs no defence, I trow.

To save his bacon, much, thy coz, it boots,  
For she is rich, to marry Widow Countts.  
Whether that thou look on me, up or down,  
Thou can'st not, surely, knit thy brows, and frown;  
And tho' thy father shake his gory head,  
And bring no cash—"needs must"—I, therefore, wed.

Some say a certain royal duke is silly—  
The duchess laughs, because my name is Billy. 40  
Still rest your royal manes! I'm no fool,  
Whate'er folks think; I was at a good school—  
And, with my reverend unole, as a tutor,  
At last, doubt not, I, to a T, shall suit her.  
Young folks *may* die; but old folks *MUST*, we know,  
And when it pleases God, I'll let her go:  
Nor, like Van Butchell, pickle, frame, and glaze her;  
But, rather, by some shorter scheme, amaze her.  
Then, I may choose, of all the empire round,  
The fairest, best, and richest to be found, 50  
Give brains, with wealth, unto my embryo-son,  
And e'en Tom Sheldrake shall exclaim—well done:  
Or, if he chose to quit his earthly post,  
The self-same cheer shall give, Tom Sheldrake's ghost.

Now squeamish lords, who scrupled, heretofore,  
 To let your spouses meet old Coutts's wife,  
 And e'en, in after-times, would toss your head,  
 At Harriet Coutts's fire-cloth, nuptial bed :  
 Tho' England's King, with Mrs. Coutts, would dine,  
 And royal Frederick quaff the banker's wine. 60  
 Who shall St. Alban's Duchess dare refuse,  
 And risk the dangers of her angry muse?  
 She cannot ~~wife~~; but she has cash, you know,  
 And here—'tis "money makes the mare to go."  
 She keeps her poets, and *the press*, in pay,  
 That those shall land, and these shall nothing say,  
 Britain may, well, its press impartial boast,  
 The independent press, a standing toast,  
 While the most clamorous of its venal fry,  
 Half-whisper—Come—I'm up—who'll buy? Who'll  
 buy? 70

This brand applies to all the motley crew—  
 They sell themselves—their daughters—wives, and you—  
 With horror quote of tyrant-states, the vice,  
 Of selling justice, at the highest price ;  
 While all, descending from "The Times," and "Post,"  
 Adopt one plan—and side with, who pays most.

Aurora, lowring, wept her sore disgrace;  
 Phoebus, for shame, too, veil'd his glowing face:  
 But, as the famish'd great went out of town,  
 He spat, and sputtered, with attempts to frown.  
 And, when our Princes, even, join'd the raff,  
 The God relax'd, and burst into a laugh:  
 Then blazed forth, with unrestricted shine,  
 T' expose the set, so cheaply brib'd to dine.

What! princely Cumberland? not precocious George,  
 To aid the splendor of this nuptial gorge?  
 Nor Sussex bring, nor Este, nor d'Amiland,  
 To kiss a Mellon's b— or Beauclerc's hand?  
 Lank, half-starv'd Leopold, is here, of course,  
 As church-mouse poor, and hungry as a horse.

Prince Polignac, ambassador of France,  
 Declin'd, e'en in quadrille, to join the dance,  
 While Packler Muskau quizz'd a Russian ballet—  
 But Estebazy waltz'd to Czankow's Alley,  
 And could not do better—and smiling Cimitelli  
 Preferr'd the whips and ine, to vermicelli.

Sometimes, methinks, when I see Esterhazy  
 Threading our blackguard courts, he must be crazy.  
 That Prince's lech, is in a narrow waist!  
*De gustibus*—there's no disputing taste.

100

Fashion may change with every wind that blows—  
 Extremes soon meet, the most unletter'd knows;  
 But taste should be immutable as true;  
 Like nature, never changing, always new.

Alfred, the Great, of England, was a king;  
 His law was common sense, in every thing—  
 His primum mobile—main-spring of life,  
 Whereby he rose to fame—and chose his wife.

I well remember when each piddling Miss,  
 In leading strings, was taught to toy and kiss, 110  
 As nurs'ry games—and further, let me tell ye,  
 Ere she could raise her head—had rais'd her—belly:  
 And girls scarce out of long clothes, now beguil'd,  
 By ma's instructions, all appear'd with child.  
 Each shop display'd its pads, from embryo—one,  
 Two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine months gone:  
 Through all its grades—the gravid uterus shone.

In those days, nature, one might truly say,  
 Though not much fig-leaf'd, still maintained her sway:  
 Males aped not bosoms, nor expanded hips, 190  
 Nor Females, man's attire, and whisker'd lips.

Bute, Gordon, Rosslyn, Wemyss, and Lauderdale  
 All lent their persons, "to adorn a tale."  
 "To point its moral" Breadalbane was sent;  
 But he was wise, and kept the archer's tent.  
 Harrowby's owl-face could, more wisely guide her,  
 But Harriet preferr'd Beaucherc, to Ryder.

Erin and England cower their pride to thee—  
 Wales, to the idol, would not bend its knee.  
 Bubble Sir Wat, and squeak Charles Williams Wynn, 195  
 Would not regard a royal whore, Nell Gwynne.  
 Unwieldy Vaughan would have his wond'rous son,  
 A brighter path, and cleaner course, to run.  
 As heav'n denies a prince, "I serve" a king,  
 And dirty gold must be an unclean thing.

Guildford's long training may well let them pass,  
 But Burdett, Besborough, Bristol, Dundas,

Chesterfield, Abingdon, Wellesley, Carlisle,  
 Your condescension must forgive a smile:  
 And some will laugh and sneer, then, Coventry, 140  
 Went'st to St. Alban's, 'stead of them, to thee.

In all the pomp, and circumstance of war,  
 Trotter, Leviathan of the Bazaar,  
 Bursts, like a meteor, on this assembled host:  
 But trembles, as he takes his destin'd post:  
 Too rich, to lose, among the mass unnam'd—  
 Yet, title-less, scarce worthy to be nam'd.

Harrington, Dudley, Radaor, Castlereagh,  
 Eastnor and Heytesbury, Stuart de Rothsay,  
 Southampton, Wharfedale, Ennismore, and Graves, 150  
 By Lyndhurst back'd, resolv'd to shame the knaves.  
 See waspish Tankerville, with anger sputter,  
 Strut, not unlike a crow, in dirty getter;  
 Bob Spencer, Petre, Elphinstone, De Ross,  
 All join with Normanby, to roast the goose,  
 Whose cackling, here, must either be put down,  
 Or, we remain the butts of every clown.

I like not two et ceteras to see,  
 They may mean Townshend, Farrant, and Birnie:  
 Birnie, ere while, who schools a pregnant lass, 140  
 Investigates the, might be, fatal glass,  
 Spectacled, eyes the blushing, bleeding bum,  
 Nor speaks his thoughts; 'tis a mere drunken hum.

Talk not to me, what others say and do:  
 I keep my justices, and poets too:  
 March (or Major) banks, and hosts of Walkers,  
 Besides my Trotters, Gallopers, and Talkers.  
 Still bear in mind, that each, specific name  
 Includes the family of that self-same.

Better show want of order, than of tact; 170  
 Therefore we'll broach one wet, and one dry fact.

Miss —— contributed, by distillation,  
 To grace the source of general information,  
 Which here, oh rare! flows constantly and gratis,  
 Commix'd, *virginis, aquis distillatis*,  
 Whose feet, scarce touch'd the inelastic stair;  
 So swift her timorous flight, to gain the Square.



Sad Niobe, impress'd by maiden fears,  
Of rude embrace, dissolv'd in briny tears;  
Hard Mistress Lot's regard for those, who sought her, 180  
Made her rock-salt—but . . . . . made salt-water—  
Hence I infer that, to our latest day,  
Woman's the salt of all man's earthly clay.

Another Queen, unfriended, and alone,  
Seeks the sure shelter of Britannia's throne.  
That child is pleas'd, as other children are,  
To look for toys, and dolls, in the Bazaar;  
But queen-like passion fires her royal eyes,  
When want of honours due, she quick espies:  
Her anger pours on her plebeian host,  
Who, thence, must pay the *piper*, and the *Post*. 191

END OF CANTO II.

**NOTES**  
**ON**  
**HOLLY-GROVE.**

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**CANTO II.**

*Line 1. Oh! Royal York! Why was I not thy bride?*

That would have been a hit, indeed. Money, and a Royal Title, acknowledged, or not, and at liberty to please herself, so shortly afterwards! But she was not so well informed, as I was, on that topic; of which a proof will be found, in the fact I have narrated, concerning Mrs. Carey. (Stockdale's Budget, page 82.)

*Line 3. And love and need have nought to do with pride.*

So it seems, indeed. Besides, the lady's ~~mamma~~ claimed the honour of *royal blood*, for her Harriet.

It was said that old Coutts stipulated, as one condition of his loan, to certain high personages, the honour of their annual presence, to dine with him, at Holly-Lodge, before, as well as after the death of his first wife: and that the relinquishment of bonds, to no trifling amount, was the reported price of Mrs. Coutts's admittance to the Drawing-room. On the contrary, I should think the Duke of St. Alban's entitled to demand his wife's reception, at a public Drawing-room, however she might be excluded from his Majesty's private parties. It always, however, seemed to me, that the exclusion of the Marchioness of Anglesea, from holding courts in Dublin, as the wife of the Lord Lieutenant, never could be retained, one moment, after the Duchess of St. Alban's had been received. I suppose that the pride of the Marquis and Marchioness, could not brook to accept any concession, which was grounded on the pertinacity of such a person as Miss Mellon, even though a Duchess.

Others, as well as Romeo's apothecary, have exclaimed

My poverty, and not my will, consents.

*Line 5. He married first, for love, and last, for vice.*

*Effodiantur opes, irritamenta malorum.*

Vice here seems to be applied, instead of what the Roman designates its incentives.

The Prince of Wales, undoubtedly, married Mrs. Fitzherbert, whose dignified conduct has been as much superior

to that of the Duchess of St. Alban's, as the transcendancy of her beauty surpassed that of Miss Mellen. There can be no comparison between those ladies. A fearful intimation has been given on the mysterious marriage at page 32, Stockdale's Budget; but this is neither the time, nor place, for further particulars.

*Line 19. She, singly, beat him, at his favourite, cricket.*

His Grace is a great cricketer; and I used to be much delighted to see him go, with his younger brothers, when at home for the holidays, to enjoy that sport. I could, almost, wish, that he had stuck to a cricket match, in preference to another.

*Line 17. My motto soothed, I took the tempting bait.*

"Auspicium melioris ævi."—[A prospect of better times]—is the Beauclerc motto.

*Line 21. And, as I look upon my help-mate's hairy*

*Lip, think that it should be read just contrary,*

No! No! Certainly, not just contrary; for the utmost insinuation I have, ever, heard, was, that it was neither masculine, nor feminine, nor neuter; but *Epicene*! *Dubii sunt generis*, says my old Eton Remembrancer. There are not, cannot be hermaphrodites, exclaims the scientific abolitionist. Sam Spring, who, according to his own declara-

tion, in the last note to the preceding Canto, has been with her, in all possible situations, and is a man of mature knowledge, and sound judgment, would be a competent referee, on this point. There have been odd stories about *Tammy* Mellon, and Sally Stephenson. Perhaps it might be from one of those allusions that long Wellesley derived his famous phrase, *play Hell and Tommy*.

There is, notwithstanding, a very objectionable hiatus, between the adjective, hairy, and the substantive, lip, which renders the imaginations of those, who are blessed with the quickness, and minute knowledge of Mr. Justice Park, very liable to run riot, in travelling the awkward distance from the end of the one line, to the beginning of the other, under such circumstances. It causes a stoppage, such as one meets, at a closed turnpike-gate.

Unto the pure, all things are pure ; but, unto them, that are defiled, is nothing pure : but even their mind, and conscience is defiled.—*Paul to Titus*, chap. i. verse 15.

To illustrate the dangers of these hasty ebullitions of the mind, I will mention an occurrence at which I, as well as many others, were present. The late Henry James Pye, Esq. Poet Laureat, Police Magistrate, &c. gave a dinner-party at his house, in James Street, Buckingham Gate. His two daughters, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Arnold, then unmarried, Miss Trefusis, Mrs. Siddons, J. P. Kemble, and, probably, John Penn, and Lord Oxford, and numbers besides, were there. On joining the Ladies, in the Drawing Room, they were discussing, a point on

which they could not agree, as to some practice of ARCHERY. Oh! exclaimed Mr. Pye, I can give you chapter and verse, for that, and returning from his library, with a volume of the Statutes in his hand, triumphantly began to read the clause of an old law, for regulating the practice of shooting at "*Standing Pricks*," which words had no sooner escaped him, than he seemed, actually, paralysed, and, strange to say, instead of exciting the pity of the Ladies, by this sudden attack, they blushed, their eyes glistened, like fire, their mouths and bosoms appeared convulsed by their suppressed feelings, and they finished, by huddling together, and, with one tremendous burst of laughter, rushed upon one another's backs, out of the room!

None of us met, for a long time, afterwards, without laughing: and yet, what was there to laugh at? In early times, Archery prevailed in field sports, as the gun does now; and there were game laws, then, as now. Yeoman *Prickers* are still attached to the king's stag-hounds. The allusion was to standing-marks, to shoot at, in contra-distinction to those which were in motion: but the gravity of a large and *intellectual* company, was absolutely outraged, by poor Pye's affliction, in which we, of the male sex, saw every thing to deplore, and nothing to excite mirth—while the Ladies remained!

One cannot account for these singular and sudden excitements. I recollect another occasion, when in a private party: a wealthy married lady was taking her tea, and a married gentleman, who sat next to her, finding that her cup was empty, thrust his hand, somewhat hastily, to

relieve her from its incumbrance. The lady drew up her feet, and clapping her hands down, as if to guard her petticoats, emptied the warm libation, cup, saucer, spoon, and all, into her lap! Now, what could she be thinking of? —

The late William Young, Esq. of Harley Street, immediately after the first *public faux pas* of Mr. Loveden, son of Edward Loveden Loveden M. P. innocently addressed the latter, in a large company—I saw your *hopeful* son, in Berkshire the other day, Mr. Loveden. The effect on the risible faculties of the many, and the confusion of the two, may be conceived.

Unto the pure, &c. as I have quoted before. Mr. Justice Park, according to the newspapers, refused a witness his expences, *because*, he wore such immense mustachios! They were *indecent—positively indecent!* What in, or out of nature, could that religious, and Learned Judge, have been thinking of? I suppose that the unfortunate devil must not only, have had *incomprehensibly* indecent mustachios, but some *incomprehensibly* indecent manner of shaping his mouth, so as to give them an *incomprehensibly* indecent effect! But I still ask how? Aye! There's the rub. Could it resemble the hairy cap with which Harriette Wilson stocked Mrs. Nesbitt, of bum-memory?—

—Shun their fault, who, *scandalously*, nice,

Will needs mistake an author, into vice;

All seems infected, that the infected spy.

As all looks yellow, to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what *Morals*, Critics ought to shew;

For 'tis but *half* a JUDGE's task to know.

*Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

*Line 35. Whether that thou look on me, up, or down.*

In our modes of common parlance, we forget that, albeit, mortals are subjected to ups, and downs, enough, there is neither up, nor down to the eye of Omnipotence, which is in all, and pierces through all, nor, properly speaking, to the inhabitants of a globe, ever in rotatory motion, which is not perceptible by them.

*Line 39. Some say a certain royal duke is silly.*

When the Duke of Gloucester was inspecting Bedlam, or Bethlem Hospital for Lunatics, he was particularly cautioned against going too near one of the patients, who was sometimes outrageous. Instantly on the Duke's entrance, the lunatic exclaimed, "Ah! Silly Billy, Silly Billy!" on which, his Royal Highness, tickled, at the recognition, observed to the keeper—"Not so mad, neither. He knows who I am, you see!"

*Line 46. And when it pleases God I'll let her go.*

I do not know where the following appropriate stanzas came from; but I can remember having heard, or seen them, a great many years ago.

Ye Gods! ye gave, to me, a Wife,  
Out of your grace and favour, and  
To be the comfort of my life;  
And I was glad to have her;  
But, if, your providence, divine,  
For greater bliss design her,  
To obey your will, at any time,  
I'm ready, to resign her.



*Line 47. Nor, like Van Butchell, pickle, frame, and glaze her.*

On the subject of wives, I think the following, being but little known, will be considered an interesting literary curiosity. It is from the erudite pen of an eminent, deceased, baronet, M. D.

Most people will recollect that the eccentric, Martin Van Butchell, preserved the body of his first wife, in an upright position, in a glass-case, which, now, forms part of the splendid Museum of the College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The poets have treated the subject as preserved in spirits, which is not correct in point of fact, though it was, as to rumour. Its preservation was accomplished by injected wax. The husband is described by the name of John, instead of *Martin*.

IN RELIQUAS

MARIÆ VAN BUTCHELL,

NOVO MIRACULO, CONSERVATAS,

ET, A MARITO SUO SUPERSTITES, CUGLTU UOTIDIANO,

ADORATAS.

Hic, exsors tumuli, jacet  
Uxor Johannis Van Butchell,  
Integra omnino, et incorrupta,  
Viri sui amantissimi,  
Desiderium, simul, et deliciae!  
Quam gravi morbo vitiatam,  
Consumptamque, tandem, longa morte,  
In hunc, quem cernis, nitorem,

In hanc speciem, et colorem vivantis,  
 Ab indecorâ patridine vindicavit,  
 (Invitâ et repugnante naturâ)  
 Vir egregius, Gulielmus Hunterus  
 Artificit prius intentati  
 Inventor idem, et perfectior!  
 O! fortunatum Martitem!

Qui datur,  
 Uxorem multam amittens  
 Retinere unâ, in unis sedibus,  
*Affari, tangere, compleri,*  
*Prope dormire (si lubet).*  
 Non satis modo, superstitem;  
 Sed, quod mirabilis,  
 Etiam *cautorem,*  
*Venturum,*  
*Revertentem;*

*Solidam magis, et magis unum personam,*  
 Quam cum ipâ, in vivis, fuerit!  
 O! fortunatum virum, et invidentem!  
 Cui peculiare hoc, et proprium contingit,  
 Apud se habere feminam  
 Constantem sibi,  
 Et horis omnibus eandem!

## TRANSLATED,

BY THE LATE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

HERE, cover'd not by earth, or stone,  
 Lies John Van Butchell's wife, alone!  
 His pleasure, joy, and sole desire,  
 Quite uncorrupted, and entire!

Who was preserv'd, by Hunter's art,  
 When death had struck his fatal dart.  
 Behold her now, 'gainst Nature's will,  
 With face so fair, and blooming still !  
 O Husband blest ! who, in one house,  
 Can'st, still, retain a charming spouse !  
 Can *speak to*,—*kiss*,—and *even toy*—  
 And *sleep close by*, if *that's your joy* !  
 Who now exists, not, as you see,  
 The Fates would wish to have her be ;  
 But, (what's more wond'rous,) is much *sweeter* !  
*More perfect*, too, in *limb*, and *feature* !  
*More firm*, her *flesh*—*more full of juice*,  
 And *fitter for domestic use* !  
 O ! FORTUNATE and HAPPY VAN !  
 To keep a wife, beyond life's span,  
 Whom you can ne'er have cause to blame ;  
 But, ever constant and the same,  
 Who, qualities, most rare, inherits !  
 A WIFE *that's DUMB ! yet FULL OF SPIRITS !*

*Line 52. And e'en Tom Sheldrake shall exclaim,—well done !*

The author of "Memoirs of Harriet Mellon, Duchess of St. Alban's, Sir Wm. Beechey, and Thomas Coutts, Esq." and of various professional works, is lecturing on the imperfections of the human figure, and on rectifying the distortions, and perfecting the growth, of young people, at No. 7, Devonshire Street, Portland Place. In "The Lancet," will be found some interesting proofs of his successful practice.

*Line 58. At Harriet Coutts's fire-cloth, nuptial bed.*

Some interesting details, in which many, besides Mrs. Coutts, are concerned, may be found interspersed throughout Harriette Wilson's *Memoirs*, vol. vi.

*Line 63. She cannot write: but she has cash, you know.*

I take this to mean that she is no poet; for her letters, in Sheldrake's *Memoirs*, pages 41, &c. are far from amiss, all things considered. Besides, play, or pay, is much the same thing, in the sporting world.

*Line 65. She keeps her poets.....*

Colonel B. C. Stephenson, of the Office of Works, told me, at least I think it was he, that, having occasion to pay Packwood, for some razer-strops, he went to Gracechurch Street, and, while his receipt was in preparation, he asked Mrs. Packwood, who wrote all the comical verses, which daily appeared, fresh, and fresh? The lady, dropping a curtsy, replied, as though astonished that any one could be so ignorant, as to want such information, "Lord Sir! we keeps a Poet!"

*Line 65. ....and the Press in pay.*

This is a truth more disgraceful to the payees, than to the payers. It will be seen that the Press, except the

**Morning Post**, convinced that its base pandership can no longer be kept secret, like Falstaff, and his ragged soldiers, protests against identifying themselves, with such degrading mimicry.

The **News**, Sunday-paper, has treated the subject, generally, so well, that I need only refer to it. Indeed, I have not often read a better paper, than The **News** of June 22.

Perhaps the **Morning Post** affords the most unblushing example of subservient, and parasitical sycophancy, ever exhibited by the Press in any country, and in any state of society, however degraded. The day after the late Mr. Canning accepted the virtual premiership, that servile paper, which had long been loading him with abuse, turned round and praised him to the skies, as the pupil of Mr. Pitt, and the saviour of his country!! The following day, without either apology, or attempting even to palliate his apostasy, instigated by influential persons, whose value the editor had substantial reasons for appreciating, he not only contradicted himself, in every word, but loaded Mr. Canning with the foulest obloquy his racked, and age-worn brains, could suggest. In what utter contempt, such an advocate must be held, by those who hire his columns!

*Line 66. That those shall laud, and these shall nothing say.*

It is well known that the *independent* and *impartial* Press, is not only paid for what it does; but for what it does not say. Stedraque, in his *Memoirs of the Duchess*,

gives an anecdote of this, in the person of the Rev. Sir Bate Dudley, Bart. ! But the damning fact came out, in the Chancery suit, between the two brothers, John and William Walter, when proprietors of *The Times*, which was supposed to be as profitable from what it suppressed, as from what it published.

Great credit has been assumed, for the Duke of Wellington, that he *hires* no paper. It shews good policy; but it does not prove that he is insensible to the merits of Volunteers, who, eagerly, push forward, into his captivating service. They think, that what has been, may be: and with the benefits, received, by the Heriots, Staarts, Hogans, Walters, Dowlings, Quins, Spankies, Stothards, Ryans, Streets, Cobbetts, Achesons, and many more, before their eyes, they can imply a sufficient prospect, in nubibus, without stipulations being, formally, signed and sealed.

*Line 68. The Independent Press, a standing toast:*

#### GRAND FETE CHAMPETRE AT HOLLY-GROVE.

On Monday last their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, and Prince Leopold, honoured the Duke and Duchess of St. Alban's with their company, at their villa, to celebrate the Anniversary of their Graces' Marriage.

The invitations were not numerous, being chiefly confined to the relatives and near friends of the Duke and Duchess, which included—

The Families of Bute, Harrowby, Beauchere, Guilford, Burdett, Besborough, Dundas; - Gordon, Wellesley,

tion, in the last note to the preceding Canto, has been with her, in all possible situations, and is a man of mature knowledge, and sound judgment, would be a competent referee, on this point. There have been odd stories about *Tommy* Mellon, and Sally Stephenson. Perhaps it might be from one of those allusions that long Wellesley derived his famous phrase, *play Hell and Tommy*.

There is, notwithstanding, a very objectionable hiatus, between the adjective, hairy, and the substantive, lip, which renders the imaginations of those, who are blessed with the quickness, and minute knowledge of Mr. Justice Park, very liable to run riot, in travelling the awkward distance from the end of the one line, to the beginning of the other, under such circumstances. It causes a stoppage, such as one meets, at a closed turnpike-gate.

Unto the pure, all things are pure ; but, unto them, that are defiled, is nothing pure: but even their mind, and conscience is defiled.—*Paul to Titus*, chap. i. verse 15.

To illustrate the dangers of these hasty ebullitions of the mind, I will mention an occurrence at which I, as well as many others, were present. The late Henry James Pye, Esq. Poet Laureat, Police Magistrate, &c. gave a dinner-party at his house, in James Street, Buckingham Gate. His two daughters, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Arnold, then unmarried, Miss Trefusis, Mrs. Siddons, J. P. Kemble, and, probably, John Penn, and Lord Oxford, and numbers besides, were there. On joining the Ladies, in the Drawing Room, they were discussing, a point on

which they could not agree, as to some practice of ARCHERY. Oh! exclaimed Mr. Pye, I can give you chapter and verse, for that, and returning from his library, with a volume of the Statutes in his hand, triumphantly began to read the clause of an old law, for regulating the practice of shooting at "*Standing Pricks*," which words had no sooner escaped him, than he seemed, actually, paralysed, and, strange to say, instead of exciting the pity of the Ladies, by this sudden attack, they blushed, their eyes glistened, like fire, their mouths and bosoms appeared convulsed by their suppressed feelings, and they finished, by huddling together, and, with one tremendous burst of laughter, rushed upon one another's backs, out of the room!

None of us met, for a long time, afterwards, without laughing: and yet, what was there to laugh at? In early times, Archery prevailed in field sports, as the gun does now; and there were game laws, then, as now. Yeoman *Prickers* are still attached to the king's stag-hounds. The allusion was to standing-marks, to shoot at, in contra-distinction to those which were in motion: but the gravity of a large and *intellectual* company, was absolutely outraged, by poor Pye's affliction, in which we, of the male sex, saw every thing to deplore, and nothing to excite mirth—while the Ladies remained!

One cannot account for these singular and sudden excitements. I recollect another occasion, when in a private party: a wealthy married lady was taking her tea, and a married gentleman, who sat next to her, finding that her cup was empty, thrust his hand, somewhat hastily, to



waltzes, in a temporary room, erected near the house, which was illuminated; and at the close of day, the ground assumed the appearance of Fairy Land, from the number of variegated lamps suspended from the trees.

We heard with great pleasure Litolf and Adams's much esteemed new French quadrille band, and all their auditors were delighted with the superior style in which they executed the quadrilles. We also remarked that the waltzes excited in particular the marked attention of all present; the new sets, from De Freischutz and Don Miguel, were frequently encored, with much warmth and delight.

Soon after eleven o'clock, the company retired, much delighted with the hospitality of the Noble Host and Hostess.

Sir George Smart presided at the piano-forte; and the refreshments were furnished by Messrs. Gunter, in a manner highly satisfactory to all present. — *Morning Post*, June 16.

We suppose we must insert the narrative, though we confess we are ashamed. Why cannot the piteous couple, to whom these remarks relate, keep quiet? We would not drag them out of the obscurity which they ought to court; but we will no longer suffer the public mind to be corrupted by the ostentatious display of rank, obtained we will not say how, on the one side, and wealth, purchased by the degradation of hereditary honours, on the other, without remark. How did the female become possessed of the wealth which placed a ducal coronet within

her grasp? And though every one knows the origin of the Duke, yet, as time had shed a lustre on his honours, their foul commencement was hardly named but as matter of history. But are the daughters of poverty to be taught by one example of ill-omened celebrity, that there are other paths than those of industry and prudent conduct to eminent station and high alliances in this country? Are the less opulent nobility—to some of whom, indeed, their titles and their ancestry are the chief possession—to be informed, as it were by public proclamation, that they cannot sully these hereditary distinctions by any union which does but bring wealth into the family? Are these to be the methods by which we fortify female virtue, and guard the privileged “order” from contamination? If so, they are different methods from those which religion prescribes and human policy would sanction. And we say that it is an infamy—a gross infamy—to the great body of the nobility, to be found in the public\* haunts of such people. If the bride and her bridegroom of twelve months duration are happy, let them live so in retirement, and in the unostentatious discharge of works of charity, as becomes her past condition and his but recent union with her. If either be painfully reflective, and the other weary, let them seek the support of religion and the consolations of friendship; but let them not strive to distract their minds and divest the monotony of their lives by an outrage on the public

\* The scene of the late gala being the retreat provided for the lady by her late husband, during the life-time of his first wife.

feeling. We hope to hear no more of either of them.—  
*The Times*, June 17th.

“Save me from my friends,” says the old Spanish proverb, “and I will take care of my enemies, myself.” None have more reason to utter this aspiration than their Graces of St. Alban’s, who, after being held up to the ridicule of the town by some fawning dependant or selfish sycophant in *The Morning Post* of Wednesday (see our sixth page), are next day, in consequence of that very article, ferociously attacked by the prose Juvenal of *The Times*. If, however, articles of this description are to be rated according to the injury they inflict, we should have no hesitation in according the palm of mischief to the scribe of *The Post*, whose sickening sentiment and maudlin laudation are directed to the very points in the history and circumstances of her Grace, which both herself and her noble husband, we should think, would desire to bury in eternal oblivion.

The scene of the fête, Holly-Grove, is the spot where Miss Mellon resided, as a *femme entretenue*, during the lifetime of Mrs. Countts—and this spot, of which *The Post* gives an elaborate description, was the place selected for the reception of the noblest and of course the most virtuous women in England, by that very Miss Mellon, transformed into the Duchess of St. Alban’s, by the magic of the wealth which she won by the sacrifice of all that women should hold dear! And then the lines, “*which his Grace repeated remarkably well, to the great amusement of the party!*” We

are amazed that his lips could utter the allusion to "keeping the marriage vow," without blushing at the recollection of what the walls round him had witnessed, and remain to record. No wonder that "the Royal and distinguished party," was *amused*; but instead of allowing their lips to express their "amusement," utter disgust and supreme scorn should have closed them. Could the royal and noble persons who crowded the rooms, witness the scene without a feeling of contempt running cold at the bottom of their hearts? or are they satisfied to patronise things at which their ancestors would have started with indignation, and "sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage," or a public breakfast?

But there are ludicrous as well as serious feelings excited by the exhibition. It is amusing to find the indigent Beauclerc presenting the Duchess with a "splendid and valuable fruit-basket," for which the *Duchess herself*, and not he, must pay Rundell and Bridge: to find the Marchioness of Bute returning Mrs. Coutts's money, given to her family, by a plateau of bronze gilt—presented to the Duchess of St. Alban's; and the Duchess herself getting up a theatrical breakfast, in order publicly to present a six oared wherry to his Grace!—*Risum teneatis amici!*—*News*, June 22.

Line 85. *What! princely Cumberland? not precocious George?*

The following paragraph, copied from *The Windsor Herald*, has appeared in all the newspapers:—

" PRINCE GEORGE OF CUMBERLAND.

" This playful scion of royalty, to a quick and scrutinising disposition, adds an aptitude for fun and frolic which is seldom unpleasing in youth. On the Thursday in the last Ascot Meeting, he took a walk on the course with Townsend, from Bow Street. During his peregrination, he saw a remarkably fine little girl, with whose prepossessing appearance he was much struck, and going up to her, he touched her chin with his hand, and observed, ' Oh, what a very pretty Miss you are.' *But this precocity of admiration for the fair sex is by no means a novelty in the members of the gallant House of Brunswick.* The Prince wished much to see tumblers. " I should like to see them tumble," said his highness. " I've seen Punch and Judy, and they quite pleased me, but now I want to see the tumblers--the tumblers!"

This is, no doubt, meant to be very loyal and complimentary; but it is not very honourable to royal tastes; nor does the allusion to the " admiration for the fair sex," ascribed to the " members of the gallant House of Brunswick," apply to this precocious prince's royal parent, who has never been even *suspected* of any naughty tricks with ladies, or any undue " admiration of the fair sex." But what, in the name of all that is decent and loyal, is to be said of putting the young prince into the *custody* of Mr. Townsend? Foreigners will naturally suppose that this Mr. Townsend is a commoner of enormous landed property, the proprietor of innumerable boroughs, a model

of personal elegance, and of course a prodigious court favourite. What then will they say, when they hear that this *select* companion of royalty, this appropriate guardian of youth, this polished gentleman, is none other than a *thief-taker*, who never could have approached a person more respectable than a pickpocket, except when he was engaged to protect some one of rank from his carriage to the staircase of a rout-giver? Yet to a person whose manners, morals, and language have been formed in such a school as Bow Street, is consigned the care of Prince George of Cumberland!—*The News*, June 23.

Mr. Phipps's zeal to censure, has exceeded his accuracy. Is Mr. Fitz-Ernest, who used to walk about so much, with his head clad in steel, for that support which his neck refused, forgotten? He must have had a *mother*! Has the likeness of Mrs. George Bankes, M.P., Admiral Nugent's daughter, to his royal highness, been, no longer, remembered, notwithstanding Harriette Wilson's Memoirs? (Introduction, vol. VI.) It is remarkable, too, that, his royal highness's dining-visit, to the Lord Chief Justice Best, should give rise to no comments. I doubt the bribery of the press, to silence, in that case; and think that its forbearance was the result of fear of the administration of the *libel law*!

On the subject of silence—The Morning Herald, July 17th, was convicted in 50*l.* damages, of a libel on the Hon. William Cochrane. It wholly omitted even the slightest allusion to that trial, and its result!

*Line 89. Lank, half-starv'd Leopold, is there of course.*

The magnificent Prince Leopold, after passing the day with the Duchess of St. Alban's, by which he saved a dinner, gave a party, which is thus recorded in the *Post*:

"Prince Leopold gave another grand entertainment on Monday, at Marlborough House. The concert given on the occasion boasted the high talents of Pasta, Sontag, Schutz, Brambilla, and Stockhausen: Curioni, Begrez, Pellegrini, De Begnis, and Zuchelli; Puzzi, Dragonetti, Pixis, and Scappa."

This is the Prince's regular system. Of the enormous sum, which he, annually, draws from the taxation of Englishmen, he expends the little portion, extorted from him, in the encouragement of *foreign musical talent alone!*

*Line 94. Esterhazy waltz'd to Cranbourn Alley.*

The Poet does not seem to know town well; or else he was thinking of Harriette Wilson, who tells some Cranbourn Alley story. Esterhazy's attention was, at that time, directed towards Wardour Street.

*Line 97. Sometimes, methinks, when I see Esterhazy,  
Threading our blackguard courts, he must be  
crazy.*

The late Sir John Rigges Miller, Bart. died in a house of ill-fame, in Meard's Court, Soho. That Baronet met

Lady Archer at a watering place. He complimented her ladyship, on looking well.

"Lord! Sir John, how can you say so? I am grown as big as a whale," exclaimed Lady Archer. "Would I might be Jonas, then!" "What, for *THREE nights and THREE days*, Sir John?" inquired her ladyship. "This, I state, from the baronet's own lips."

Lady Archer, the Duchess of Gordon's sister, was, I scarcely need say, of very eccentric manners. She resided in Half-Moon, or Clarges Street; where she fitted a beautiful, elegant, female figure of wax, at her drawing-room window. This figure was so constructed, as to beckon to passers by, and caused innumerable of the male sex, to knock at the door, in polite acceptance of the invitations—producing many awkward and ludicrous dilemmas. It, at last, was carried to such a pitch, that intimations were given, from the more delicate, opposite residents, of their resolution to indict it, as a nuisance, and the figure was, consequently, withdrawn.

Sir John Miller was supposed to owe his death to over-excitement. I could mention some interesting circumstances under this head. The most distressful I ever heard of, was that of an officer of very high rank, in his Majesty's service. He was considerably advanced in years, when he married a very young lady. An alarm was given, by the bride, on the wedding night, and it required, after the ineffectual endeavours of the servants, male and female, surgical aid, to remove the bridegroom's—CORPSE!! What must have been the humili-



liation, and horror, of a young, untainted female, thus exposed!!! This was not the only occurrence, of the kind, within my own knowledge.

Of a different character was the *mystified* mystery of Lord Kenyon's daughter, and Sir James Langham's son, which introduced misery, into two of the most amiable, and opulent families of my time. I shall not communicate the facts of that mystery, here : but, as I have taken occasion to observe elsewhere, ignorance is not, *always*, bliss ! I regret that the observations in my " PRISON CORRESPONDENCE," have been *so soon, and so fatally*, verified ! His lordship's motto has proved, wonderfully, prophetic.

*Line 99. That Prince's lech, is in a narrow waist.*

There are lecherries, of almost every kind. Esterhazy considers a small waist, essential to his scheme of female beauty. Harriette Wilson complains of an assertion, that she practised a debauched mode of eating a chicken, to please the Duke of Argyll ; and Amy could extract hundreds, from Hart Davis, M. P. by making a face, when he patted her !

The late Reverend Thomas Bracken, Clerk in Orders of St. James's, Westminster, told me of a London Banker, whom we were, mutually, intimate with, and whose *lech* was to attend all the marriage-ceremonies within his reach. He scarcely ever missed one, which was celebrated in St.

James's church. Some strange allusions are made, in my Prison Correspondence, to the practices of a Roman Catholic priest, highly patronised by the Buckingham family, at Stowe.

*Line 101. Fashion may change, with every wind that blows.*

Dr. Johnson said, that the devotees, who conform to the variations of Fashion, could conform to any thing; and I believe it. The followers of that of a narrow waist, prove, that Fashion will endure bodily sufferings, even to death. It cannot be forgotten, that the beautiful Lady Charlotte Campbell had, nearly, lost her life, by having her dress spunged to her figure. When chicken-gloves were the rage, Miss —— alarmed her family before day-light, one morning, with tremendous shrieks. She had on a pair of chicken-gloves, and was extended, with each hand tied to a bed-post, that the blood running out of her arms, they should become white. Had she not obtained assistance, she would, probably, have lost the use of her arms: but examples might be multiplied, without end.

*Line 102. But taste should be immutable as true.*

Thomas Little has succeeded in reducing the beauty of the human figure, to a system, in his "Beauty and Marriage-Ceremonies."

*Line 108. Whereby he rose to fame—and chose his wife.*

" Alfred selected, for a wife, the one of Sir William Daubeny's three daughters, who added to her other *points*, the greatest space between the hips; whence he inferred her probable superiority in bearing children. The late Benjamin West painted a fine gallery-picture of the young ladies, being paraded, *in puris naturalibus*, for his preference. I believe that the Duke of Rutland has the picture at Belvoir Castle.

*Line 114. By ma's instructions, all appear'd with child.*

The prevalence of pads, for the purpose of making females appear with child, (the very paupers are "*enceinte*," by the march of intellect,) between thirty and forty years ago, cannot be forgotten. The "*bustle*," of the present day, answers the more comprehensive purpose of rotundity.

*Line 120. Males aped not bosoms, nor expanded hips,  
Nor females, man's attire, and whisker'd lips.*

Where either sex is so unhappy a victim of nature's caprice, as to have an appendage, which belongs to the other, they are objects of pity. Who could believe that rational men would stuff themselves till they have either the forms of women, or of the most degraded of their own race, eunuchs! Yet such has long been the case,

in manly England; and not the least disgusting, is the effeminate and scandalous fashion of ringlets, now prevalent among male puppies. Vestris only prefers the male attire, because conscious that, *with one exception*, her shape is more perfect as a male, than as a female. A young lady, who shall be nameless, to render herself apparently perfect, *even there*, too, suffocated a kitten, which she had introduced alive, not only to make, but to *keep up an appearance*.

Mr. ———, when at Oxford, considering that nature had not done enough, improved her, in a similar way. The kitten was rather too old, and gave him such ecstacy (a claw) that he was happy to release it; nor made any attempt, to repeat the ingenious device.

Dr. De Verdun, the friend of Gibbon, Day, and other celebrated literati, affected the male attire. He used to visit, intimately, at my father's, where I knew him. I have heard it said, that, on some occasion, one or two young Bacchanalian Templars raised a ladder, to his bedroom window, and, from the mode, in which he held a certain utensil, decided that—he had—

A fault, in modern authors, not uncommon—

A fault,—would you believe it?—*He's a woman.*

*Line 123. All lent their persons, "to adorn a tale:"*

*"To point its moral," Breadalbane was sent.*

I am surprised that our great families will subject themselves to such reflections. I have a story in reserve, connected with a Scotch noble, and Marion Warden.

*Line 127. But Harriet prefer'd Beauclerc, to Ryder.*

I had some doubts whether the termination should be spelt rider—Ride her! No; that would be an *equivoque*.

Apropos of these innocent blunders.—

The Marquess of Conyngham was assisting his daughter, Lady Elisabeth, to a seat, on a beautiful horse, which his Gracious Majesty had presented to her, for ——— *nothing!* Lord ——— coming up, at the moment, was accosted, naturally enough, by the Marquess ——— “Is not that a beautiful creature? (alluding to the horse.) The King gave it my daughter.” His Majesty has also mounted the Marchioness, as well!!

Who would not laugh, if such a *thing*, there be?

Who would not weep, if *Conyngham* were he?

To me it is, really, without crying about it, a subject of the deepest regret: for I can bear testimony, in their feeling conduct towards my wife, and daughters, that they are not dead to the sensibilities of human nature. Bad company!

131. *Would not regard a royal whore, Nell Gwynne.*

*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur cum illis.*

It is but too true. When the late Duke of Kent returned from Canada, he complained to the Prince of Wales, of the disrespect shewn, by fashionables, to his mistress, Madame St. L———. The Prince said,

Oh! you don't know this country. I could more easily introduce a cook-maid."

*Line 132. Unwieldy Vaughan.....*

Sir Robert Vaughan always affords me pleasure, by the delight he manifests, in his son. I would not have this mistaken for Mr. Baron Vaughan, nor for Hat. Vaughan. I have a pretty anatomical anecdote for him. It cannot fail to fit Miss's shape, like her naked skin!! It would have chimed in, well, with the note on small waists.

*Line 134. .... "I serve" a king.*

Ich Dien—(I serve)—is the motto of the Prince of Wales.

*Line 136. Guildford's long training.....*

This is sufficiently noticed by Sheldrake, in his Memoirs.

*Line 141. Went'st to St. Alban's, 'stead of them, to thee.*

At least, the duke cannot be charged with want of taste, in declining to be sent to Coventry!

*Line 143. Trotter, Leviathan of the Bazaar.*

I doubt the poet's accuracy, in this case, as to the individual; who, I believe, is related to the duchess's visitor,

Sir Countts Trotter, not only by blood, but by marriage. Of the proprietor of the Bazaar, in Soho Square, which is now filled with fashionable carriages, instead of tumbrils and artillery-waggon, for the conveyance of military stores and clothing, as used to be the case, during the late war, there is much field, for anecdote, of a *certain kind*. Indeed, on one occasion, he established his *legal* claim to a niche, in the Temple of Notoriety. If it be true, that he is much addicted to strengthen his language, by coarse expletives, I am sorry for it; oaths, in my opinion, being most ungentlemanly; but as, of my own knowledge, I can only speak to his kindness, towards two ladies, in whom, for their misfortunes, and magnanimity's sake, I am deeply interested, I shall leave rumour to assume a more questionable shape, ere I discourse with it.

I repeat, here, that I cannot attend to anonymous communications, unless accompanied by documents, or references to where authentic documents can be obtained, as in the case of Olivia Farmer, and the Duke of Gloucester.

The Bazaar is a noble establishment, and, if it be a source of considerable profit, to its proprietor, it is what he is well entitled to, for his spirit, in adopting the original plan. His copyists follow, *haud passibus equis*: and, excepting Mr. Young, of King-street, Portman Square, it may, truly, be said, *proximo, sed longo intervallo* —. The department for conveying information, gratuitously, on subjects of domestic, and commercial interest, is less known than it deserves, under its highly qualified superintendant, or inspectress, as, I believe, she is called: but

it is injudiciously placed at the top of the house, instead of on the ground floor.

The standings are let, at a shilling per front foot, the day, and the whole is said to bring in a rental of 30,000*l.* and upwards, a year! Ought not this to be rated, accordingly? It would be a great relief to the poorer classes of inhabitants, so numerous in St. Ann's, and, indeed, in every parish.

Having mentioned Mr. George Young, I can safely say, that, having designated Soho Bazaar "noble," justice requires me to characterise his as "imperial," and give a brief sketch of his extensive, and, indeed, town-like Bazaar, in King and Baker Streets, Portman Square, for the sale of horses, carriages, and furniture, by commission; and for saddlery, harness, and miscellaneous articles, by the manufacturers, and proprietors. The saddlery and harness are made, on the spot; and purchasers may select their own materials, if they prefer it, and even see them adapted, under their own eye, every article being of the best quality. It is almost supererogatory, to premise, that any should be ignorant of the existence of this NATIONAL MARKET, now become one of the most interesting "LIONS" of the Metropolis! But its regulations are so well suited to the mutual convenience of buyers, and sellers, that I am certain, those not aware of them, will be obliged to me for directing their attention, to a point, which I do not hesitate to affirm, is of universal interest. Prospectus may be had at the Bazaar.

. The commission on the auction sale of horses and carriages



is only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The stalls are about four hundred, with beautiful exercising grounds, within high walls, inclosing above two acres!

The standings for carriages, is dry, boarded, and ventilated, and can accommodate about five hundred, not merely run one into another, so as to exhibit a confused, indistinguishable mass; but always clean, fit for minute inspection, and capable of delivery, on the moment, without any previous notice. They are raised to, and lowered from their stations, by a platform, which is part of the floor; and are to be found, in the fashion of all countries, from the gonty, and garden chair, to the splendid four-in-hand, and newest kite-runner, of twenty-five miles an hour!

This Bazaar, from its variety, and situation, and the spirit of its conductor, is likely to distance every effort at competition. I am surprised that no general confectionery, and refreshment room, has yet been introduced. It must prove a fortune, to its first speculator. Scarcely fewer than half a million of visitors, of either sex, with money in their pockets—or *reticules*, can be estimated, annually, to enter this place, which is almost independent of season.

Here, while a gentleman is adding to, or diminishing his stud, the female part of his family will find no lack of amusement, during the entire circle of the hours, among the various exhibitions, and show rooms, calculated to interest every age, and every mind—

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

The motley groups furnish ample subjects of con-

templation for the grave, and severe, while they may, themselves, in turn, add to the endless, stationary varieties, for the gratification of the gay and lively. In short, here may be said to exist, a world, within itself, which puts the elements at defiance, and can be visited, oh ! rare commendation, and in England, too, gratuitously ! though the interest of her debt is sixty millions, a year, and her standing army, including officials, and those influenced by them, nearly a million !!

The large room surpasses, in its proportions and dimensions, any one, I can bring to mind, in this kingdom ; and a more gratifying in-door lounge can hardly be conceived, as the circuit of the whole may be made, without setting a foot out of the rooms ; all which are so clean, that no dress, however delicate, will run the risk of being soiled.

The furniture-gallery contains an immense and superb stock. Here, from the hand-screen, to what would supply a palace, may be obtained, in one morning ; all warranted to be, what is professed, by the most experienced and tasteful judge, in London, Mr. Oakley, late of Old Bond Street. I dare say, he little surmises what treachery supplanted him in the favor of royalty. I should observe that every department is, in like manner, consigned to the superintendence of the most practical, and competent manager that could be obtained ; expense having, evidently, been a secondary consideration, with the proprietor, throughout : so that scientific opinions, may be combined with the purchaser's caprice.

The building, in its vastness of design, and magnificence,

of execution, is worthy of a sovereign, instead of a subject, and a tradesman! *Miscuit utile; dulci.*

However I may seem to have elaborated on this topic, I still have to regret that my time, and space, compel me to leave it, dissatisfied with having done it inadequate justice.

*Line 159. They may mean Townsend, Farrant, and Birnie.*

This is a splendid galaxy, of which the greatest, the premier thief-taker of the united kingdom, has due precedence. Sir George Farrant's time has not yet come; but it is not for lack of matter.

*Line 160. Birnie, ere while, who schools a pregnant lass.*

In the suppressed pamphlet, mentioned in *Memoirs of Duchess of St. Alban's—Fine Acting*, p. 51, is the following anecdote of a Magistrate of the Police. This Magistrate cuts a fine figure, in the Committee of the House of Commons, with his ignorance of negotiations with thieves!

"Our heroine suspected that one of her female servants was pregnant, and questioned the supposed culprit, on the subject; the girl stoutly denied the charge; contradiction enraged the lady; she declared that she would have the

truth, and sent off an express, to Oxendon Street, for Mr. Birnie, to come up to Highgate immediately, to examine the culprit. His worship obeyed—the examination took place; and his worship and the lady declaring themselves satisfied, the charge was dismissed, *and so was the accused!!!* Harriet refused to give the girl a character, though she diminished that injury by desiring the justice to give one, instead of herself!" These kind of inquisitions, used, I believe, in former days, to be held by juries of matrons, alias, *old women!*

*Line 163. Nor speaks his thoughts:—'tis a mere drunken hum.*

I always thought that the lady might be the author of her own injury. It was very possible that, in the oblivious moment of her orgies, she might have deposited the copious goblet, in her easy chair, into which she, indolently plumped her person, on her return, fatigued, from her excursion, and, *hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

She was fortunate in being so fundamentally plump, that the brittle fragments were not splintered against the bone. Harriet must have a strange sentiment of the hold she had, on the affection of her servants, to attribute such an event to wilful malice!

"To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,  
Full oft I drain'd the nut-brown, spicy bowl;  
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,  
And warm the swelling veins, to feats of love:

For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,  
 That liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail.  
 Wine lets no lover, unrewarded go,  
 As all true gamesters, by experience, know."

*Pope's Wife of Bath.*

It will be borne in mind, on Spring's authority, that Harriet Mellon was an exception to the above rule.

*Line 165. I keep my justices, and poets too.*

Sheldrake, in his Memoirs, has given us some instances of the subserviency, to Harriet, of a former justice, Graham; and proofs can be afforded, without difficulty, of the similar attentions of a Birnie: though, I think, not on exactly similar terms. The latter might have *board*; but, certainly, without *bed*—the more to his credit, as a married man!

*Line 166. March or (Marjori) banks, and hosts of Walkers,*

*Besides my Trotters, Gallopers, and Talkers.*

Marjoribanks, commonly pronounced Marchbanks, is said to be a partner in Coutts's banking, as well as broking-concern, in which some of the Trotter-family, also, take part.

*Line 172. Miss — contributed, by distillation.*

When these occurrences, as rarely happens, are the result of painful necessity, the lady becomes an object of the most sincere commiseration,—when she prefers to sacrifice her delicacy, to her obstinacy, a fair mark of ridicule; but, when it results from the habit of witnessing the same practice, among her companions, she is less culpable, than those, under whose care and instruction she imbibed it.

Of the first, on my own principle, I shall give no other particulars, than the allusion made to a recent event in the Bazaar, nor specify whether the beautiful girl were titled, or not. I can keep her secret. As to the second, I was present in a party, where we were all sitting round a table, and what Colman would denominate “Broad Grins,” were universal. Mrs.— made several signals to her youngest daughter, then about sixteen, whose tokens of uneasiness attracted the notice of more, besides her mother, who at last, restored to an audible whisper—still in vain. Scarcely a moment had elapsed, ere the company was alarmed by a tremendous crash, as, of falling water, and Miss—, who had risen, was immovable, until, suffused with tears, she was led into another room!

The third case I attribute wholly, to our intercourse with France, where the *al fresco* is practised, by females, with as little ceremony, as harm to their genuine delicacy. A woman, there, unconscious of an immodest idea, feels no shame in dropping the arm of her male companion, and,

with her, "*pardonnez, un petit moment, monsieur,*" or some such trite appeal, retiring to one of the conveniencies, which abound in Paris.

In England, the march of intellect ever progresses. It is now common, of an evening, to see females, of many of whom I could give the names, if I chose, leave their chaperon, and squat under door-ways, colonnades, arcades, and in the squares, at the West End of the Town, and, if observed, which must, sometimes, be the case, look, with perfect unconcern, on the astonished spectator, who is, frequently, first attracted, by his quickness of hearing.

An instance, which I shall next state, is not of my own knowledge; but on the authority of a gentleman, who, long enjoyed a *very high legal situation*, under the crown, and one of whose daughters, (of which he had several, all present, with him, on the occasion) married a high, official character.

They went to Paris, during the short Peace of Amiens. Miss——, the daughter of a baronet, and a mirror of modesty, in her own country, had been of a retiring character, at a numerous attended, fashionable ball, in Paris, sat down, and raising her clothes above her knee, quietly fastened one of her garters, and resumed her fascinating amusement, in the dance! She had only left London six weeks. Here we see the march of example and intellect combined.

Many of us remember the beautiful Lady Charlotte Campbell's exclusion, from the Royal Birth-day-ball, at St. James's, because, while dancing a minuet, she raised her clothes so high, as to display, at the same time, a part of

beautiful pediments, and columns, gartered above the knees, with a bandean, on which glistened, in the most exquisite, and legible jewellery, the word, "*Amour*."

When love was all an easy monarch's care,  
Seldom at council, never in a war,  
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen, farces, write;  
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords, had wit:  
The fair safe, panting, at a courtier's play,  
And not a mask went unimprov'd away:  
The modest fan, was lifted up, no more,  
And virgins smil'd, at what they blushed before.

Pope.

*Line 184. Another queen, unfriended, and alone,  
Seeks the sure shelter of Britannia's throne.*

The arrival of the Infant Queen of Portugal served to enliven John Bull, just as he had sacrificed Miss Verrey, to his rude, sight-hunting propensity. Her majesty is a fine, forward girl, of about ten years; but has all the playfulness which delights us, at her age. She announced her intention to honour the Bazaar, with her presence, and was so anxious to purchase all the dolls, that force was employed, by her chamberlain, to remove her. The queen, however, was permitted to buy several, and wanted to carry them away in her own arms; a pleasure, not consistent with her elevated rank. One of her active amusements is battledore and shuttlecock. I hope it may not prove ominous to herself.

The queen was attended by her chamberlain, the Marquis of Barbacena, Lord Clinton, Sir William Freemantle, and the Chevalier de Saldanha.



Now, for the offence ; though I doubt the rumour, of her Majesty's displeasure, being communicated *by two-penny post!*

Notwithstanding all her Majesty's male attendants were uncovered, Mr. Trotter accompanied them, *with his hat on* ; and, instead of attending, either with, or without his lady in proper costume, his old *house-keeper*, in her usual habiliments, did, whatever honours were done !!

The doors of the Bazaar were closed, as soon as her Majesty arrived ; and many persons of rank were highly offended, at being refused admittance, after their cards, and requests, were handed to the proprietor. The company, within, too, was equally offended, at the discovery, that, while the Queen was in one room, the doors of the others were locked ; so that only those, in the same room with the Queen, could get a sight of her ; the rest of the company having been locked in, until her Majesty had retired.

What most offended me, was, hearing Mr. Trotter swear at some short, young ladies, behind their respective counters ; for presuming to stand up, with natural anxiety, to see the royal visitor, of whom they were, scarcely, tall enough, to get a sight, otherwise.

Oh ! Mr. Trotter ! This, has, really, betrayed the *upholsterer*, undertaker, and carpenter ! in spite of his wealth. Pray, read *Æsop's Fable of the Ass in the Lion's skin*, preparatory to another royal visit.

# HOLLY - GROVE.

AN

## EPITHALAMIC SATIRE.

### CANTO III.

'TWAS *post meridiem*—the clock struck four,  
When, widely, open'd every breakfast-door.  
Eight splendid rooms, interminably, shone,  
Reflecting endless beauties all their own.  
Mine host, and hostess, saw no vacant seat,  
Nor were their tenants slow to drink, and eat;  
In truth, they did such justice to the fare,  
That, while they fed, they took no time to stare:  
They only ceas'd to eat, their drink to quaff,  
And fill'd each interval, with hearty laugh. 10  
The first slight pause, majestic Sussex rose,  
And bow'd, and fed, and blew his royal nose—  
Told flattering tales, which buzz'd through ev'ry room—  
A health—The lovely bride, and her bride-groom:—

And, delicately, with poetic flight,  
 Passing the honey-moon, and bridal night,  
 With virgin favors, clustering, and white—  
 Wished them long years, and free from ev'ry pain,  
 And ev'ry pleasure, ten times o'er again;  
 But not a hint was giv'n, of son and heir. 20  
 All gormandising, jeer'd, save one;—sad, soft Béauclerc.

Hark! how the tutor'd babe aspir'd to praise,  
 For sing-song-prose, or prosy-rhymish lays—  
 Blush'd, and turn'd pale, with bashfulness, and fear,  
 His trembling voice, at such a scene, to hear—  
 Was happy, far beyond his pow'rs to tell,  
 And thank'd his guests, and wish'd them all—in hell.  
 Would, *if I could*; but cannot, that I know,  
 Win the prime fitch of bacon, from Dunmow.  
 Assist me, then, thou noble, Earl Carlisle, 30  
 Nor curl thy bitter lip with haughty smile.  
 Thy motto is,—*A will, without the means*,  
 To aid the supplicant, who, on thee, leans.  
 Beloved Harriet! regard, my choice,  
 With favor hear thy Billy Beaunclerc's voice!  
 Behold thy fitch, depos'd in silver casket;  
 Small was the pig; but take it, and the basket:

And now, in verse, I'll strive my tale to tell,  
 And all must answer—Well—Oh! very well!  
 Thank God, and thee, thou Dowager of Bute, 40  
 Thy pride is lower'd to my duchess' suit.  
 Look at this, richly, gilt, and bronz'd plateau;  
 For which, we gave ten times its cost, you know.

The duchess, though most perfect, in her part,  
 Wished no allusion to the drama's art:  
 Behold The Falcon! 'tis a six-oared cutter,  
 Not such as boys launch, in each filthy gutter;  
 But large as—What? As big as a—bum-boat:  
 Each rower wears a green, and yellow coat.

The midnight hour, now, struck, and all had gone, 50  
 And host, and hostess yawn'd:—they were alone!  
 Their graces, of the fête, champêtre, vain,  
 Did all its honors, o'er and o'er again.  
 Why was Bute's plateau bronze, my lovely dear?  
 Surely no bronze should ever enter here!  
 Methinks, 'tis sending coals, unto the Tyne;  
 You've lots of bronze, well gilt, and, then, so fine,  
 You can afford it, e'en, for common wear.  
 We are so rich, that nothing, now, seems rare:

And bronze, to you, is much the same as brass !  
 Mosaic gold, Nash treats as a mere farce— 60  
 Stop—cried her Grace—and know, all flesh is grass.

The duke was pos'd—he heard with silent wonder,  
 Reclin'd his head, and—snor'd as loud as thunder.

Tuesday was, somewhat, giv'n to rest, but most,  
 To write the story for The Morning Post.  
 Wednesday repaid us every toil and pain :  
 We figure in the slip-slop, once again.  
 Thursday beheld us in that banking-stew,  
 Whence came my wealth—from which my honors grew. 70  
 Yet here, misgivings, still, my sight assail :  
 Whispers, and sneers, among the clerks prevail ;  
 And, when I heard St. Clement Danes's chimes,  
 Methought to ask, Why have I not The Times ?  
 Some magic, surely, in my voice is found !  
 Partners, clerks, porters, move in rapid round,  
 But the d—d paper's no where to be found.  
 I sought my home, my faithful husband, Billy,  
 Not in St. James's Square, but Piccadilly,  
 Now frantic raved—now roll'd upon the floor, 80  
 Excited, as he ne'er had been before,

While scraps of paper litter'd the rich *tapis*,  
Beyond all worth—to have it, made me happy.

I saw the whole misfortune in a trice—  
The Times! I had not paid its nasty price.  
Folly of follies—too late to lament;  
But I will punish:—ah! why not prevent?  
Madness lies in the thought. Again I pop  
My ruby face into the banking-shop,  
Where I now learn, his pen, whom most I hate, 90  
Upholds, to ridicule, my Nuptial fête:  
Each pen, tongue, pencil—all have full employ,  
To satirise me, and my ducal boy --  
Call Holly-feast, a farce, and, for the flitch,  
Turn it to rhyme, which ever ends with—bitch—  
While all who dined and supp'd with us at Holly-  
Grove—talk of it, as Harriet Mellon's folly—  
Horns—Highgate-Hill—and Harriet—alliteration!  
Falstaff would term, “damnably iteration”—  
Say our best efforts, cannot save our bacon: 100  
For I shall rave—the Duke will, sadly, take on,  
And, though our tables had no lack of ham, on,  
The best supply of all, was purely—gammon:—  
Talk of Miss Goddard, and her lovely daughter,  
Who fail'd their sprinkling, of Virginia-water.

One rudely ask'd, Pray, how does Master Shiloh?

Another follows—how the deuce should I know!

A third cries, laugh! he, with his silver casket:

'Twas neither more, nor less, than her pin-basket.

We have no Sarahs, now,—'tis all a sham— 110

Remember the late dame of Buckingham.

Why did not, Harriet, thou great girlish gaby,

Present a pap-boat to his Grace the baby?

Or, as of old, with graceful melancholy,

Appoint him aid-de-camp—to nurse thy dolly?

If Sunday's "Age," load us with coarse abuse,

How cuts, and stings, and tortures us, the "News!"

A nine days' wonder will no more suffice:

The page of history shall brand my vice.

In every nerve, e'en now, methinks, I feel 120

The endless tortures of Ixion's wheel:

Nor sooth'd by time, nor by specific lotion,

In me behold; at length, perpetual motion.

With Wellesley how was Wellington not there?

True, he's a Duke; and more—he's premier.

Of late, he's had a call to godly work,

And preaches, to Archbishops Cant, and York.

The fawning clergy hail schismatics undone;  
As, in their view, appears King's College, London.

Here, graceful Arthur—there, prays graceless Dan : 139  
Mischief stalks, boldly, now, in either van.

The popish rent, there, gives its champion weight;

Our senate, here, makes its own premier great.

In either Island, he, not blinded, sees

Hypocrisy's rais'd eyes, and prostrate knees :

While, from, the pompous dome, to rock, plain, bog,

Echo—God save King George—God save king log!

The sword shall aid the labours of the pen,

No tongue shall wag, but what exclaims, Amen!

Oh! for the spear, which could each fraud detect! 140

We've had enough, I think, of stage effect—

Or did think, till I read that Londonderry

Mimic'd Queen Boss, to make the great world merry.

Her feasts, and splendours, every heart engage,

And every voice cries, " All the world's a stage:"

Fair Belfast whispers, as, in state, they move,

Holderness-House surpasses Holly-Grove.

Thence, Wynyrd-Park receives th' ambitious guest:—

Her hopes are granted : there, too, she plays best.



So have I seen, in black and white, 150  
 A prating thing, a magpie, hight,  
     Majestically stalk ;  
 A stately, worthless animal,  
 That plies the tongue, and *wags the tail*—  
     All flutter, pride, and talk.

Degraded Britain ! now shake off all fears ;  
 Thy peers are puppets, and thy puppets, peers.  
 Base pimps and panders, well, that presence suit,  
 Whose council's wisdom is, to play the flute :  
 And Lords attend, to watch the conscious door, 160  
 Which screens their ladies, as they play *the whore* :  
 Though war devastates every nation round,  
 And Cain-like floods, make drunk the blushing ground,—  
 And infants draw, from out a mother's breast,  
 That death, wherein a starving sire has rest.

Princes and placemen, parasites and priests,  
 Enjoy the dainties of your god-less feasts ;  
 Nor heed Jehovah's record, on the wall,  
 Till one vast ruin overwhelm ye all !

# NOTES

ON

## HOLLY-GROVE.

---

### CANTO III.

*Line 6. Nor were their tenants slow, to drink and eat.*

The appetites, with which the fashionable world resort, to public breakfasts, were pretty well exemplified, in the fête, given at Chiswick, by the Horticultural Society. It should, always, however, be borne in mind, that this fête, though, in the fashionable phrase, *given*, cost each visitor a guinea a head; and the John Bull, even of the first circles, like Taffy, will have "a pounce for hur money."

Though there were three thousand to be filled, it was not with five barley loaves, and two small fishes. Their consumption averaged  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of *solid*, to each individual, young and delicate females included, with drink in pro-

portion. The miracle here, was inverted ; for, so enormous were the cravings, that, *mirabile dictu*, they, loudly, complained of being sent, empty, away !

*Line 11. The first slight pause, majestic Sussex rose.*

..... It was so, that when any man, that had a controversy, came to the king, for judgment, then Absalom called unto him and said .....

..... See, thy matters are good, and right ; but there is no man deputed, of the king, to hear thee.

..... Oh ! that I were made judge, in the land, that every man, which hath any suit or cause, might come unto me, and I would do him justice !

And it was so, that when any man came nigh to him, to do him obeisance, he put forth his hands and took him, and kissed him.

..... So Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.

..... *II. Samuel, chap. xv, v. 2 to 6.*

I cannot help contrasting, here, the dispositions, and conduct of the royal Dukes of York, and of Sussex. If the Duke of York's evidence were required, in a court of justice, even though his royal highness were sensible that it must be most painful, to himself ; he, always, attended, and answered any questions, as though he were the last individual, whom his answers could affect. This happened, repeatedly, in reference to circumstances, arising out of that, to him, sorest of all subjects, Mary Ann Clarke.

In the case of poor, ill-used Jarrin, the most accomplished artist of confectionery in London, the Duke of

Sussex attended the Horticultural breakfast, at Chiswick, in June, 1827; emphatically complimented Jarrin's successful arrangements, and expressed his delight, to the royal party, and, to Mr. Jarrin, himself, in the most unequivocal language of princely commendation. When the Horticultural committee, afterwards, wished to pocket a large sum, out of the proceeds, and load the betrayed foreigner with their own mercenary disgrace, Jarrin's attorney wrote to request the Duke of Sussex's testimony, on the trial, which was not only refused, but the royal indignation expressed, by message, in no very measured terms. His royal highness was, consequently, served with a subpoena, which, under the privilege of a prince of the blood, and peer, he would not attend!

The Horticultural Society consists of numerous individuals, of boundless wealth, and, as a body, and individually, were likely to give breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, teas, and suppers, besides entremets, without end, and Jarrin was an unfortunate devil, who, from the dead set made at him, would not have much chance, again, to tickle the royal palate; therefore, little discrimination was requisite, by a Sussex, or a Leopold, in deciding which part to take!

*Line 16. Pasing the honey-moon, and bridal-night,  
With virgin favors, clustering, and white.*

It is mentioned, in the love-letters of the Duke of Marlborough, that, on one occasion, when his grace renewed

his connection with Fanny Davies, he had their bed-curtains, and night-caps, ornamented with white favors, to give zest to the delusion of its being the bridal night!

*Line 20. But not a hint was giv'n, of son and heir.*

The assiduous attendance of Dr. Clarke, and the whispers, so designedly audible, from head-quarters, gave rise to the story of her grace being, as *duchesses* wish to be, who love their *dukes*, is, really, no joke. I am well known to be a grave man, who am partial to the sex. Could I have surmised such an event, I would, readily, have suppressed The Memoirs, and Holly-Grove, also. How lamentable, were they to be productive of a miscarriage! We all know that her grace is fond of notoriety, and that she would rather, at any time, be abused, than not noticed by the newspapers! and this was a *prolific* subject, for comment, and contradiction, and speculation, to boot; so that, I hope, it is a mere *fudge*, and that no mischief will ensue! We all know, too, that her age is nearer *sixty* than *fifty*, and, it not being usual, even for *Duchesses*, to conceive, after they have reached *the no particular age*, of Lady Morley, it may supply as many topics of disputation, as the roe of a mackarel would produce fish, or the *seeds of a Melon*, fruit. Still nothing is impossible; and Harriet may rival Sarah, who bore a son; at the age of ninety one! "And Sarah said, God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear, will laugh with me."

"Who would have said, unto Abraham, that Sarah would have given children suck?"

But, I am getting on rather fast, here; for, *if* the cunning little Isaac be conceived, we must wait the bringing forth, ere we begin to suckle him! Johannah Southcote found the *conception*, of her *affair*, much more easy, than the delivery!

It is the fate of woman, to conceive, in joy; but to bring forth, in sorrow!!

*Line 30. Assist me, then, thou noble Earl, Carlisle.*

The late Earl of Carlisle was one of the old school, who could not bear any derogatoriness. He was the last who wore red heels to his shoes, and maintained running footmen, to precede his carriage; as the late Duke of Grafton, and Marquess of Hastings, were the two, who, longest, retained cocked hats! Of the present Earl I have no more to say, here.

*Line 37. Small was the pig; but take it, and the basket;*

I do not know whether his grace may be much of a wit. Something seems to be meant, by this basket. It may, artfully, refer to the idea, that a mother's last child, brings the pin-basket with it.

*Line 51. And host, and hastest yawn'd:—they were alone.*

This seems to insinuate, that they were tired of each other. I have heard, on the contrary, that his grace never felt happier. Whether the duchess may have carried her roving habits, with her, to the peerage, I am not sufficiently informed, to pronounce.

*Line 61. Mosaic gold, Nash treats as a mere farce.*

John Nash, Esquire, the most fortunate architect, of our day, in his evidence, before the House of Commons, designated, what is puffed as Mosaic gold, by the degrading name of *brass*.

This is calling things, by their proper names, with a vengeance.

*Line 87. But I will punish. Ah! Why not prevent?*

The whole system of British jurisprudence seems to have been contrived in this spirit. Take care that your punishment is severe enough—never mind prevention: and, I regret to say, that all our *newspaper-editors*, will rather be branded as *participes criminis*, than admit the reference, to any fact, which may offend one of their favorites, *who enjoys the power of place, or of recompensing their servilities*.

*Line 88. Madness lies in the thought! Again I pop  
My ruby face, into the banking-shop.*

Her grace, the other day, walked into the shop of Collins, the celebrated, enamel-painter on glass, near Temple Bar. The duchess requested that Mr. Collins would send for her carriage, which she had left, at *the shop*, as she designates her banking-house. Alas! It had strayed, and could not be found. What follows?

“The queen is in a passion”—and, to mend the matter, her own “dear duke” trod upon her train, as she was departing. Fire and fury illumined one countenance, and ashy paleness overspread the other.

It was a pity her grace had not bethought herself, that the carriage might be at *The Harp*, in Drury Lane, to which she was accustomed to send the servants of her visitors, for that kind of recreation, which she, once, did not scruple to derive from it, for her mother and herself.

By the by, COLLINS’S is less known than it ought to be. His gallery, or shew-room, will delight the most fastidious visitor. Independently of his exhibition of cut and ornamental glass, he has Martin’s famous original pictures of Belshazzar’s Feast, and Joshua, arresting the progress of the Sun, or rather of the earth, according to our system. Collins’s may be considered an addition to the previous list of “LIONS” of London.



*Line 101. For I shall rave—the duke will, sadly, take on.*

A man of fashion—I must not name him—who keeps cash with the duchess, chanced to call that morning for some money, when he saw her grace, like Mandane at the close of her bravura, swinging up, and down the shop, at an angry pace, flapping about *The Times*, which she carried, open, in her hand, like the convulsed wings of a swan, suspended by the neck. He felt himself compelled, by courtesy, to speak; and inquiring if the duke were there, her grace replied—"Ah! no! he is ill in bed. He cannot stand the incessant attacks of these infamous editors:—but I will punish them, if it costs me the last guinea I possess in the world." Bravo! duchess.

*Line 104. Talk'd of Miss Goddard, and her lovely  
daughter,  
Who fail'd their sprinkling of Virginia-  
Water.*

This is not Lord Robert Seymour's protégée, who appeared at Marlborough Street Police-office; on the 4th of October. I did not know that *Miss Goddard's* lovely daughter, by Goodwin, the bookseller, formerly Coutts's clerk, was in being, much less that she was in her grace's train, under mamma's own eye. Goodwin disappeared from Tichborne Street, just as I began to publish the *Duchess's Memoirs*. Could that publication have any

effect on his retirement? I hope, at any rate, that it was beneficial, and not injurious to him.

As to the sprinkling of Virginia-Water, it is far from improbable that the celebrated lake may rise in favor, as Popery rises, and that the pontiff may compliment our sovereign, by consecrating these waters; so that Virginia-Water, and Holy Water, may become synonymous, and of equal efficacy. The living tenants of the lake might, at the same time—indeed, one would think, *must* be endued with miraculous powers: and, I should not be surprised, in the march of intellect, if all who partook the hallowed liquid, became ROMAN Catholics.

Ter, quaterque beati!

*Line 111. Remember the late Dame of Buckingham.*

The present Duke of Buckingham's mother, not long before her death, found herself in the family-way, *as she thought*; and, after some time, convinced her noble husband, sceptical as he had been, that such was the fact! Splendid baby-linen was provided, and even a crib, and *nurse*, suitable for the expected stranger. At the end of nine-months, the symptoms were very strong indeed, and continued so, much longer, when they subsided, not into such a *mountainous labor*, as was productive of a *mouse*, but of ———. I have no reason to think, that Dr. Gray, of *Buckingham*, her ladyship's professional attendant, had been mistaken, as to the nature of the complaint, though

he might not have thought it advisable to undeceive the enthusiastic patient.

*Line 115. Appoint him aid-de-camp to—nurse thy dolly.*

Miss Mellon had an immense doll, as large as a good-sized infant, and this, for which a splendid, and extensive wardrobe was provided, she amused herself innocently enough, with dressing, and undressing, and carrying about her house and grounds, and even sometimes along the road. How pretty and amiable! Any thing to attract notice!

*Line 116. If Sunday's Age load us with coarse abuse.*

Sheldrake offered his Memoirs to the proprietor of The Age, before he came to me. What passed between her Grace, and that proprietor, I leave to be disclosed, by the high contracting parties. For some time, The Age, and her duchessship, were on the best possible terms. In due season, hostilities recommenced, on the part of The Age. Possibly, the first act of constructive aggression might have taken place, on her grace's part; but, though I have a good idea of what the act was, I shall register it, with my other records, for future reference.

*Line 123. In me, behold, at length, perpetual motion.*

*Cælum non animum, mutant, qui, trans mare, currunt.*

Or, as our English poet, Gay, renders it—

In vain you strive, to fly from care.

Miss Mellon asserted, that she could obtain a large fortune, which had been left to her, in America; but that a fortune-teller had told her, it would prove fatal to her, to cross the water. Under this effect of superstition, she rejected all water-parties, and would, never, even go, to Ireland, professionally. Whether she has overcome her superstitious notions, or that she considers her coronet a talisman, I know not. She has, however, crossed the British Channel, with an intimation that, in revenge for the treatment she had experienced, from those connected with the press, she would return no more; but dispense the blessings of her money, to more grateful foreigners!

Mr. *Radical* Hunt wrote, from Maurice's, at Paris, August 23, 1828:—

“The Duchess of St. Alban's, and suite, are remaining at this hotel. Her grace complains, bitterly, of the charges she is subject to, in France. Every one knows that she is possessed of immense wealth; and our good neighbours at Paris know well how to treat such parties, never forgetting to make them pay smart-money for it. Her Grace has been heard to say, with tears in her eyes, that she is destined to be fleeced and plundered wherever she goes.”

I dare say the acquittal of the poor coachman was fresh in her mind. I am surprised that she does not try the efficacy of the French police, against hotel-keepers.

*Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*

However incredible it may appear, Harriet, after she became rich, shewed numerous symptoms of extreme penuriousness.

Some Parmesan cheese having travelled up and down, at Holly-Grove, until the steward thought it might go alone, he replaced it. Her grace demanded, where the old one was, and, expressing a wish to see it, her servant produced the Parmesan, and, being an orator, its history, at the same time.

Her butler, on some occasion, had dispensed with the presence of the bottom of a bottle of brandy, which her grace inquired after. The butler stated, that he had not considered its further appearance requisite; but her grace, desiring one more sight of her old friend, it was produced, with the announcement, that the ladies, in whose service he had formerly been, did not require the bottoms of bottles to be brought forward.

It is not improbable that her grace might have read an extract from Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon, or heard of the anecdote; and being proud, like the Marchioness of Londonderry, of aping great folks, have adopted the emperor's habits. Hazlitt's remark is this:—

“Almost every individual detail was submitted to Buonaparte's immediate notice. He was, like some other

princes, who have nothing else to do, his own butler, steward, and upholsterer. On one occasion, thinking the charge for some silk hangings, with gold buttons, extravagant, he took one of the buttons, in his pocket, and walked out, to ask the price of it."

We, all, have our secrets! How happened her grace not to notice the tails to the noughts, during Sir Henry's life? I do not mean Sir Henry Tempest-Vane, the father of Lady Frances, now Marchioness of Londonderry.

*Line 124. With Wellesley, how was Wellington not there?*

"Lord Wellington has enacted marvels; and so did his oriental brother, whom I saw chariotting over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some five thousand bold Britons, out of this 'best of all possible worlds.'"

"Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talavera; and a victory, surely it was, somewhere, for every body claimed it."—Thus wrote Lord Byron, in a letter, which came in my way, somehow.

Of the marquess I must mention, for the singularity of the thing, a prophetic anecdote, in which I was a principal.

The marquess was in a desperate funk, shortly before Paul's suicide, from fear of an impeachment. At that time, being much in Mr. Benjamin Sydenham's confidence,

and anxious to re-assure the marquess, of whose *talents* I had the highest opinion, I wrote a letter, especially calculated to calm any *conscious* apprehensions which the marquess had; concluding with an opinion, that if his lordship would bear in mind that he was no longer in India, but in England, and would descend from his elephant, and ride a horse, like any other English gentleman, he not only had no just ground of depression, but that I had no doubt, the illustrious house of Wellesley would soon be second only to the throne itself. I confess that my prophetic view was confined to the marquess! It is fulfilled by the duke.

*Line 123. True, he's a duke; and, more—he's premier.*

And therefore is subject to the praise of a set of parasites; who would cut his throat, while they worship him.

The following was sent to two of his fiercest partisans, for publication, while their editorial columns lauded him to the skies; and they suppressed it, without even acknowledging its receipt. That, also, may prove prophetic.

#### IMPERATOR!

In antient times, ROME could, her FABIVS boast:  
The PUNIC chief, to CARTHAGE, was a host:  
But ENGLAND has, in WELLINGTON, combin'd  
The CARTHAGINIAN'S arm—the ROMAN'S mind.

I hail, with delight, an opportunity, to communicate the following anecdote, on the authority of Lady ——— :

When the Duke of Wellington was no more than one of the ministerial mass of stars composing the milky-way, he paid his addresses to the Honorable Miss Pakenham, the Earl of Longford's sister, who did not conceal her reciprocal sentiments.

The Duke went on service, during which interval, Miss Pakenham took the small pox, which, in her own opinion, essentially, and not advantageously, affected her countenance. Her lover, on his return, waited upon her, with natural anxiety; but she excused herself from being seen, and wrote to him, deploring her misfortune, and exonerating him from his promise.

He, on the other hand, represented, that had he sought for beauty, he would not conceal that, at her best, she was not the fairest of the fair—he loved her for herself, alone; and his attachment, was not of a nature, to depend on personal advantages. Against her repeated denials, he persisted: and, to their mutual honour, and, I sincerely hope, felicity, she became his wife.

*Line 126. Of late, he's had a call, to godly work.*

The Duke of Wellington addressed the meeting in the following words:—"Gentlemen, the object of this Meeting, which I have been called on to preside at, is to establish, in the metropolis, a college, for the education of youth, in



all the branches of literature, and science, including the doctrines, and discipline of Christianity, as inculcated by the United Church of England and Ireland.—(Cheers.) Though I have not, myself, had the advantages of an university education, owing to the particular pursuits of life, in which I have been engaged—(loud cheers,)—yet no one can be more sensible, than I am, of the advantages of such an education, in every pursuit of life—and not only to society, in general, but, to the individual himself.—(Applause.) But, however convinced, I may be, of such advantages, I, nevertheless, cannot take, to myself, the credit of having been a leader, or original promoter of the proposition, which is now submitted to you. Its real promoters are the dignitaries, and governors of our church—(loud applause); they are willing to sacrifice, to its promotion, not only their pecuniary means, in the way of subscription, but the aid of their knowledge, time, and attention, in order to superintend its establishment, and future management.—(Cheers.) They call upon you, then, to come forward, this day, to give them your assistance, in carrying this object into execution.—(Cheers.)

Let us come forward—let us make an effort, in a manner, worthy of this great country, to enable them to establish such a plan, as may seem, to them, fit for the education of the youth of this metropolis, to enable that youth to perform their duties, to their sovereign, and to their country, in their various situations of life; and, above all, to give them a knowledge of God—(cheers), a knowledge of the foundation, precepts, and example, on which all his doc-

trines are founded—(loud cheers)—a knowledge, which shall teach them to be satisfied with their lot, in this life, and give them hope, in the mercies of God, for the future one”—(Continued cheering).

The duke delivered the above speech, as chairman for the establishment of King's College, in London. Far be it from me to disparage sentiments which have my unqualified approbation. Lord Frederick Beauclerc preaches, and why should not the Duke of Wellington preach? But how consist their practices with their precepts, Harriette Wilson has recorded.

It was not, by such hypocrisy, that Christianity was established; nor is it by such preachers, and panders, that Protestant Ascendancy will be maintained!

It reminds me of Pope's W——n.

Enough, if all around him but admire,  
And, now, the punk applaud, and, now—the friar,  
Then turns repentant, and his God adores,  
With the same spirit that he drinks, and whores.

*Line 127. And preaches to Archbishops Cant, and York.*

I mean to insinuate nothing, by the abbreviation, against Manners Sutton, who so quickly left his *arch*-preeminence, in this world, for, I trust, a better. Yet I cannot forget his introduction of the Trinity bill, and other his public sacrifices of religion, to worldly interest. I thought that the

act, to secure to him the "*options*" of his see, might be the price of his pliability, and rejoice to find that he has willed them to his successor, who ought to have had them, without an act of parliament, and without the charge of the legacy-duty; instead of permitting their produce to add to the hoards of his amply aggrandized descendants. It seems, however, that the Registry of the Prerogative Court, worth one hundred thousand pounds, was not included in the bequest to his successor, who would say, as was said of Lord North—Do not blame him for taking some; thank him for leaving any.

*Line 130. Here graceful Arthur—there, prays graceless Dan.*

I have given a specimen of Arthur's brief sermon; and join an extract from one of Daniel O'Connell's interminable orations.

"Religious, and moral men, are those, alone, who can regenerate Ireland! who are observant of the rules and practices of their religion—honest, conscientious, and moral, in their conduct—good sons to their parents—good brothers to their sisters—loving and kind husbands to their wives—and tender, and careful fathers to their children!"

*Line 131. Mischief stalks, boldly, now, in either van.*

*On the 12th July!!* I wrote to the Duke of Wellington, thus:—(but prevention had not become the order of the day.)

"I hold to no prejudices. Make a call of the House of Commons, and you will force O'Connell to take his seat, and bring the question of eligibility to an *instant* issue.— Delay is the extent of his hope! There is but one *secure* course to be pursued, with the *Roman Catholics*. I have, privately, declared it, for above fourteen years; and casualties, alone, have prevented my *personal* proposition of it, in the House of Commons."

*Line 134. In either Island, he, not blinded, sees  
Hypocrisy's rais'd eyes, and prostrate knees.*

The ducal sanctity, which seemed as though it would take heaven by storm, is rivalled, in the Sister-Island, by O'Connell's kneeling, in the highway, to ask his priest's benediction. *Great crowds* were present, to witness both scenes.

Pii orant taciti.

*Line 142. We've had enough, I think, of stage-effect.*

Aye, and of the serious, too; so, to private anecdote, again.

When Miss De Camp was in her zenith, Mr. — came up from Devonshire, and was so smitten with her beauty, that he told his friend, who accompanied him, that he was determined not to lose a moment, but make her an offer,

the next morning. His friend vainly protested against such precipitancy, and represented how differently she appeared off the stage; to no purpose. Mr. — visited her, the next morning; when he was so astonished, that, after standing like a fool, he retired, without uttering one word. Miss De Camp verified the powers of Medusa's head, on her visitor.

*Line 145. And every voice cried—All the world's a stage.*

And, from what we daily see, might continue—"and all the men and women, *merely*, players."

An absurd story has been circulated, I suspect, from Holderness House, that an Illustrious Personage expressed jealousy at the Marchioness's enactment of Queen Elisabeth! What stuff! I could suggest a character, in which the Marchioness has, already, succeeded. — Queen of the Smugglers:—but, though the carriage sofa-bed may be forgotten by many, it is not so by me. I shall reserve the particulars, for another opportunity.

Annexed is the offensive paragraph; evidently, originating with the hostess, and inserted in The Morning Post.

"From that apartment the eye was directed to the throne (then vacant), which was gorgeously decorated with crimson velvet and gold. The ladies of the court were assembled, waiting with intense anxiety for the appearance of their illustrious mistress: a flourish of trumpets an-

nounced her approach. The scene then became doubly interesting, from the peculiar dignity and grace with which all the forms were preserved—rank, wealth, and genius, had arrayed themselves for competition in the costume; but when the *Queen* herself appeared in her majesty, with a diadem of extraordinary splendor, and a dress studded with precious stones, to describe the sensation produced, would be impossible—it was electric! all stood in mute astonishment. The ladies, as loyal as beautiful, were invited to seat themselves, the *Queen* having previously ascended the throne. An assemblage more attractive never presented itself.”

“ Her Majesty was conducted to the throne by the Earl of Leicester, immediately after greeting the Queen of Scots. The pageantry of the court being concluded, her Majesty arose, and, preceded by the Great officers of State and the trumpeters, entered the statue gallery, where, seated on a chair of state, she commanded the quadrilles to commence.”

I must confess that there is some appearance of rivalling royalty; for, no sooner, had been announced, a grove of orange trees, floating down the Thames, a royal present, from the French, to the British King, than the succeeding journals not only made public, a similar importation, for Wynyard Park, but that the superiority of the latter, was a subject of comment, by all men of horticultural science, in their passage.

*Line 149. Her hopes are granted: there, too, she plays best.*

Wynyard Park, in the county of Durham, afforded a scene of private theatricals, which were murdered by noble and honourable actresses and actors, some of whom have since joined our ambassador, Lord Burgersh, of fiddling, as well as histrionic, and Paphian notoriety.

The Marchioness of Londonderry was bespattered, by the impartial Morning Post, for having almost attained perfection, in this her first attempt. The ignorant, purblind, or *blinded* editor, could not be supposed to know, that, immediately after her marriage, she performed at Vienna, where she succeeded, perfectly,—in making herself an object of ridicule, and contempt, to the astonished Germans, whose phlegmatic minds could not comprehend the policy of ambassadors, and their ladies, the representatives of kings to emperors, volunteering to become standards of the most contemptuous observations, even of their own domestics.

What Lord Chesterfield advised his son, on the subject of fiddling, as inconsistent with gentlemanly rank, and manners, might well be adopted, in regard to acting: than which nothing, save the reality, can approximate the sexes, to a more decided familiarity of intercourse. It may be retorted—the very object in view: and, when I consider the names of the performers, the Berkeleys, and Fanes, and Stuarts,—*id genus omne*,—I am half-inclined to acknowledge myself, a convert to that opinion.

*Line 155. "All flutter, pride, and talk."*

Artemisia, by the Earl of Dorset.

*Line 156. Degraded Britain! .....*

I fear to enter into such details, as are in my reach; and they must be of no common description, after these, which I haven't feared to publish, from Harriette Wilson and others!

*Line 159. Whose council's wisdom is, to play the flute.*

It is very well known that Lord Bloomfield's talent in playing the flute, first introduced him to the Pavilion; but the ungrateful mode, in which he spurned the female ladder of his rise, has not, yet, become a matter of history.

*Line 166. Princess and placemen, parasites, and priests*

Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men.

*I. Corinthians, chap. vii. v. 23.*

In other words, ye are your Creator's, and Saviour's, by the highest *redemption*-price of immaculate blood; and, therefore, are forbidden to pander to the vices of worldly masters.

This work was in the printer's hands, when Lord Kenyon's, and the Duke of Newcastle's, Appeals against Popery, graced the columns of *The Morning Post*, and drew, from me, letters, some extracts of which, as they contain personal observations, apposite to the occasion, will not be much out of place here.



I had long, and lavishly, and slavishly too, laboured in the Protestant cause, at a pecuniary expense, surpassing belief; and only withdrew from it for a while; convinced, like Moses, that the time was not yet.

The moment O'Connell started against Fitzgerald, foreseeing that his success was inevitable, and that our Ministers were *hit all abroad*, I wrote to the Duke of Wellington, as I have before stated.

That my letter was not acknowledged, marked the ill-breeding, or little-mindedness of the receiver; that it was disregarded, unless the Premier prove that he has done better by not adopting it, ought to become a matter of strict enquiry, by his peers.

In all the public entertainments which have honoured Mr. Peel, in the course of his north-western tour, it is especially worthy of note, that while, on every occasion, the companies, by their toasts and cheers, and additional cheers, have endeavoured to elicit, from the secretary, an unequivocal declaration of his adherence to Protestant principles, that Minister has maintained what appears, to me, a very equivocal, and even studiously Jesuitical, wariness, to waive every pledge which might clog his political career. I have very much mistaken him, if he does not prove one of the smooth-water statesmen, who always swim with the stream.

*Non met, rebus, servamus secundis*

was never my motto: nor is it, naturally, your's. It is no longer my custom to regret the past, either in public or in private affairs. I have the fullest confidence in that Omnipotence, which orders all things; and, I have no

doubt, that, while I hold it to be the duty of mortals, to strive, according to their respective convictions, *always with prayer*, every thing will, finally, prove to be for the best; and invisible, or incomprehensible; to finite conception, as may be the means, whereby infinite wisdom and power work, neither man, nor angels, can controul the least of the dispensations, which the Almighty has ordained from the beginning. So read I the Scriptures, which were written for our instruction, by precepts of good, and by examples of good and evil, which are both laid before us; for our selection.

There is not a sentiment, in your lordship's letter, to which I do not, conscientiously, subscribe, in life, and in death. I have long wept, in secret, or, at any rate, in the bosom of my devoted family, more precious, endeared to each other by our mutual sufferings, the direliction of principle which has prevailed, is prevailing, and will prevail among public men; of whom I have ever spoken, and mean to speak, as I feel.

*J'appelle un chat, un chat, et Roulet un fripon.*

I hope the Archbishop of York will take warning, as well as all others, who are especially concerned;—too numerous, alas! to name. The Archbishop of Canterbury has been called to his last home. Did my regrets accompany him? Yes. Although even his person was unknown to me, I sincerely regretted that one so pre-eminent in rank and talent, holding the highest practical station in the Church of Christ, should so basely truckle and barter his very soul, as well as body, to his worldly interest, as to smuggle the enactment of the infamous Bill, which author-

rised the denial of THE TRINITY; which I regard the very basis of Christianity; inasmuch as it calls for our faith, where our finite intelligence is lost, in infinitude. What I have said of the Archbishop, I equally apply to Lord Liverpool, who has been *smitten of God, and afflicted*—I presume not to say wherefore; still I cannot shut the eyes of my conviction.

Of the Bishop of Norwich, I think very differently; deeply as I lament the course which he adopts, I feel certain, that it is with a clear conscience; which I wish I could honestly attribute to all others. The conscientious err; but error is no sin.

As for the Cannings, and Huskissons, and *id genus omne* of ephemerals, which flutter in the rays of every sun-gleam, from whatever cloud it may break forth, I can admire such talents as they owe, to HIM, whom they have repaid with such *liberal* contempt, and such absence of all principle; but, the former deceived me only while Pitt lived, and the latter never deceived me at all. I remembered the Secretary to the Jacobin Club, at Paris! Their *new lights* were too sudden, and too obviously applicable, to what they mistook for their private interests. The glimmering sparks, which yield to every zephyr, and are blown out, as soon as ignited—they are worth the allusion I have made to them, and no more!

Of a different class is the Prime Minister:—"Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!" the Duke of Wellington. Whether he be permitted to wield the sword, for good, or for evil, or whether he shall be extinguished, like his blasphemous antagonist, in whose hand was, wonderfully,

placed the scourge, still remains an embryo, in the womb of time. The one acquired the theory of military science, and was, miraculously, brought into its practice—the other never acquired its theory; until, no less miraculously, compelled to acquire the theory, by the practice. Indeed, the points of resemblance between the Napoleon, and the Wellington, are remarkable: but I hope that their principles will be found to assimilate, less than their actions.

*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*

Buonaparte offered his services to Louis XVI., who rejected them. The great do not consider what *Æsop* tells us, of the lion, which owed its safety to a mouse! Wellesley was fortunate in having a brother, Governor-General of India, where, and when his career began.

Wellesley lost the battle of Assaye, in which, as in all where he commanded, there was the most lavish expenditure of life. Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, who, foreseeing, provided for the event, brought up his forlorn hope, recovered the loss, and fell, in the moment of victory; whose laurels wreathed the fortunate brows of Colonel Wellesley. Buonaparte lost the battle of Marengo, precisely in the same manner; and, after the same sacrifice of blood, to his wilful obstinacy.

Dessaix, who, in the like manner, had prepared for the event, converted the shameful defeat into a brilliant triumph, in the moment of which, he fell, and Buonaparte, recalled from pusillanimous flight, became a hero!

Whether the parallel will continue, to the end, as I have before observed, remains to be seen. Whatever

military science Wellesley wanted, practice has given to the Wellington; and he is not deficient either of sense, or experience, to apply his military acquirements, to civil affairs.

Are we, then, to suppose that a commander, drilled into knowledge, as the Wellington has been, so ignorant, that he will defend a closely invested citadel, by surrendering its outworks, at discretion, or rather indiscretion? But he has done this!

My views are, certainly, very different from those of men, who claim to be statesmen, in right of office, and *par excellence*.

Whatever the policy of legislation may require to be conceded, to an improved, or changed state of society, may be one thing; but I deprecate all concessions, made in fear of the sword, rebelliously brandished. A rebellion, or riot, or attempt at usurpation, of any kind, should, first, be quelled, on account of its professed character, and, that done, enquire into its origin, and apply your nostrum, accordingly.

I have, always, maintained, as my creed, on the *Roman Catholic* question (it is not consistent, with Protestantism, to omit the local epithet) that, when Ireland shall be as civilised, by education, and application, as is Great Britain, and still prefers the Romish faith, in God's name, let her have it: but I feel that whenever she has attained such maturity of knowledge, she will, generally, be as sound in the profession of Protestantism, as ourselves, and, I hope, infinitely more sincere, in its *practice*.....

*A great crisis is at hand.*

*Line 117. Till one vast ruin overwhelm ye all.*

It is not in my nature to trifle with religious topics; therefore I wish to assert the purity of my motives in what, of the Scripture, I have introduced, am introducing, or may introduce, hereafter. The latter lines of this Canto, ought to excite the most solemn reflections, in every mind; but, especially, in those high places, to which, my allusion, cannot be mis-interpreted.

For as, in the days, that were before the flood, they were eating, and drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not, until the flood came, and took them all away; so, shall, also, the coming of the Son of Man be.—*Matthew*, chap. xxiv. verse 38 and 39.

Also, as it was, in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire, and brimstone from heaven; and destroyed them all.—*Luke*, chap. xvii. verse 28 and 29.

The increase of petty offences, proves the necessities of the pilferers; but the unprecedented cases of murders, and of other crimes, of the deepest die, and heightened to a colour beyond all conception, proves, the demoralisation of Society.

The domestic endurances of the middle and lower classes, must be seen, to be believed, much more to be appreciated.

The violent measures, which have long been resorted to, for the purpose of keeping up an ~~appearance~~ of prosperity, in each quarter's revenue, really, surpass all cre-

dence. The commissioners of taxes, stamps, and other revenue-departments, issue letters, threatening that, if the wretched defaulters do not cash up, by a particular day, they will be exchequered, and, in many, perhaps all cases, the *writs are issued, before the letters are written*. All the costs are to be paid, by the defendant, whose family, is, in numberless instances, starving, and, after the seizure of his goods, he himself is thrown into prison.

As all these charges, *professedly*, go to increase the revenue, I hope that Mr. Hume will move for returns of the number of all such letters, issued from each respective department, with their amount, and also of the number of actions, consequently, brought, in each department, respectively, and the amount of costs, which have accrued thereon, between the first of January 1827, and the first of January, 1829.

The probable cause of so many suicides which have taken place, within that period, may then be inferred! Bread being above one shilling the four pound loaf.

It is a singular fact, that the interference of Parliament, uniformly causes the price of bread to rise. The change, from the quartern to the four pound loaf, tricked the consumer out of six ounces; the four pounder being, still, generally, mistaken for a quartern.

Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround—  
Ah! little think they, while they pass along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death,  
And all the sad varieties of pain!

# HOLLY - GROVE.

AN

## EPITHALAMIC SATIRE.

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### CANTO IV.

DEMONS, and fiends! for such, alone, can tell,  
Scenes, which might grace these groves, and disgrace Hell,  
Unfold your annals, of this *burning shame*:  
Give, to posterity, each brilliant name:  
But let their acts, the actors' selves proclaim.

Bute, if, to *ancestry*, thy fame, be due,  
Why let it, thus, degenerate, in you?

*Courage, not craft*, Duke Gordon, was thy cry.  
*Fight*, Rosslyn, in the field—temptation fly.



Wemyss, *I think*, thou hadst been well, away, 10  
From such a place, at least, on such a day.

Should age have made thine arm, and wisdom fail;  
They'll not recruit, at Highgate, Lauderdale.  
Though, should thy thirst be great, e'en take thy fill,  
At the fam'd Horns, on t'other side the hill.

Breadalbane calls aloud, to *follow me*—  
'Twere better, clearly, first, our way to see.

Is Guildford's *virtue true nobility*?  
*Courage and faith* might serve to gain a crown:  
Their absence brings the ~~mad~~ aspirant down. 20

Abingdon's *virtue's strong as any ram*,  
And Wellesley's, *one thing needful—no more than*.  
Or such a thing, as calculation baffles:  
Ask Lord Fred. Beaclerc, and the fam'd Moll Raffles.

Southampton, mark'dst thou splendid *Virtue's* shrine;  
How all knees bend to hail it, chaste,—divine?  
*Reward*, from Heaven, to grace an earthly throne;  
Its undimm'd glories glisten all its own.

Greaves—*thou an eagle?* Nay, who says it, lies—  
 Thou dost *not* catch, for thou art caught by, *Mis.* 30  
 Stick to thy prince—thy place—and endless dinner—  
 A jovial, Heliogabalus sinner.

Here, how came Elphinstone? Well dost thou say,  
*Cause caused it*: for God's sake, go away.

Bristol *will ne'er forget*:—Dundas says, try—  
 Carlisle *would if he could*—and so would I.  
 See Harrowby demure, of solemn face,  
 Pledge *faith* to Pitt, who gave him rank and place.

Besborough stands for *King, law—people* too:  
 Radnor's *free country* captivates his view. 40  
 Chesterfield holds *from God*, and from *his King*;  
 And Dudley's *as he was*, in every thing.

To Petre, *God is all*; and Tankerville  
*Inclines unto his title's giver*, still.  
*Sincere and constant*—Coventry was there:  
 And Stuart de Rothsay, who a full share  
 Of honor, to his ancestors, can spare.

Lyndhurst, push on ! nor here an instant stay,  
 To tempt the *dragon's crest* of Castlereagh.  
 Heytesbury's *acts, more splendid*, yet, would shine ; 50  
 And Eastnor's *doings seem*, and be, as good as thine.

We have the Chancellor ; and so, by gobs,  
 His Vice, of course, and Master of the Rolls :  
 And all the Masters—Harriet's wheel-Barrow ;  
 And Alexander, Hullock, Vaughan, and Garrow.  
 Tenterden, Bayley, Holroyd, Littledale,  
*Cum Banco Regis* :—to complete the tale.  
 Gaselee, Park, Burrough, and *the Best*, of judges ;  
 With paid, and unpaid, old *uns*, and vast lots of fudges.  
 Still, of the needful, one, lacked, all our feasts— 60  
 No MONARCH'S presence aw'd his subject-beasts.

“ 'Tis from high-life, high characters are drawn.  
 “ A saint in crape, is twice a saint in lawn.  
 “ A judge is just— a chancellor, juster still—  
 “ A gown-man, learn'd—a bishop, what you will—  
 “ Wise, if a minister ;—but, if a king,  
 “ More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.”  
 The stagyrite, in rhetoric, has rul'd,  
 The minor ever's by its major school'd—

And learn'd civilians hold it good, in law ; 70  
An axiom, thus far, unimpeach'd by flaw.

Pope be our oracle, and safe adviser,  
The Delphian's self could not have argued wiser.

Why, Dillon, wert thou absent from the feast?  
Thou, Marquess Thomond? Thou, Sir Gilbert East?  
*Strength from above* would not let thee descend,  
Thomond: nor Dillon's *hope*, with such could blend.  
Decrepit Headfort, rest thou, too, with me,  
And let thy Massey join our coterie.  
She need not wait to bring her books of prayers, 80  
But use my oratory on the stairs:  
And, to confess, if she should have a call,  
I'll lend my own confessors—one and all.  
Allen, and Mrs. Armstrong, will be there,  
Our Grace's Chaplains, and Lord Fred. Beaucherc.  
St. Aubyn has a touch of indigestion,  
And Parson Portington has gone to Preston.  
In time, I doubt not, gentle Mrs. Fry,  
Ascetic Irving, of the swivel-eye,  
With Teignmouth, Bexley, and all other sinners, 90  
Will give me prayers, and eat my peccant dinners.

And Alvanley shall bring his ready wit,  
 To humble Gunter, baffle Plunket's hit :  
 Nor say, when all, of wine, have had their fill,  
 If not Miss Mellon she's an actress still.

Fitz-Gerald, ere you go, again, to Clare,  
 Tell us, how came you to be what you are?  
 Methinks 'twere in the time of Mary Ann,  
 Renown'd for frolic—you were made a man.  
 Why, sneaking Graham, o'er that girlish face, 100  
 And tub-like form, replete with swinish grace,  
 Should nightly horrors, nightly influence spread,  
 To spoil the slumbers of thy restless bed?  
 Shake off the trammels of that splendid hell,  
 And bid to Petre, and thy friends, farewells.  
 Thy sisters lead, from Admack's poisonous air,  
 To Holly-Grove—on, mark my word—Beware!  
 Blythe Jenny taught them cautions, not a few :  
 But, ah! what left the girl, untaught, to you?  
 She played the games, though you so soon forgot her, 110  
 Too well described by Archbishop Potter.  
 Thou, Manners Sutton, didst not, fairly, serve us;  
 Thyself, away, not to send Mistress Purvis;  
 And Blesington—indeed I much more miss'd her,  
 Than thine intended, her untitled sister.

Proud Roxburgh keeps aloof with Pat O'Reilly;  
 And Albemarle's fair branch, askance, slyly  
 Weymouth, and Aldborough are as chaste as many,  
 And Hertford's Marchioness, rich Fabiani—  
 Aylmer and Antrim very much *passée*, 129  
 So they can either come, or keep away.

Poor Lady A—— must be, now, gone by—  
 Too old, for aught, except to sit and sigh;  
 The Major's dead; so she, as well, may die.  
 Child-Villiers need not sure have been so nice:  
 The Ladies Molyneux, I think, spurn dice;  
 They show good taste, as riders—that's no vice.  
 Though hopeless Sefton—hopeful Molyneux,  
 Whose brains might qualify them to be dukes;  
 Foley, and Titchfield, Bentinck, and the rest, 130  
 Fill Crockford's niches, equal to the best:  
 Their mothers, sisters, mistresses, might still  
 Worship my gods, set up on Highgate Hill.  
 Then, Bective, vent, no more thy desperate rage,  
 Nor reckless war, on chairs and glasses wage:  
 Gaming has furnish'd vice a rich abode:  
 Its crown revenge, and rapine of the road.

Mild, meek misnomer! whence camest thou, Jarrin?  
 With name prophetic of thy fortune's marring?

Gunter courts not, thy honest face, to meet:                    140  
He says, thine ices are unfit to eat.

How could'st thou think to cope with hungry Bull,  
Back'd by associate, Horticultural? a.  
Or hope, with mind, translucid, as thy jelly,  
For aught of honesty, from gourmand's belly?  
Mark me! It is this age and country's curse,  
Religion, virtue—all's a well-filled purse.  
Who can, and will pay best, are sure to do 'em,  
Bring over Scarlett, and soon manage Brougham.

Ye Bedfords, Leinsters, Lansdownes, and Roseberrys, 150  
Ye Eustons, Aberdeens, and Londonderrys;  
With Mansfields, Jerseys, Tavistocks, and Clives,  
Plain dealing, in the long run, always thrives.

Salisburys, Cowpers, Mansfields, Tankervilles,  
Shut not the heart, to what the bosom feels.

Farnboroughs, Miltons, Darnleys, Verulams,  
And Melvilles, lack'd ye fowls, beef, veal and hams?

Ye, Barings, Hopes, and Peels, and Mistress Byng,  
Will, never, at the fallen, take a fling.

Rouse then your kindly natures, and your reason, 160  
 And give the man a benefit, in season :—  
 Besides, ye pretty, playful, smirking louts,  
 He tickled you, as Isaac tickled trouts.

Mais, à propos de bottes, amis, vous verrez,  
 Sontag's — — and Ma'amselle very Verrey—  
 And sick of what was profitless, and stale,  
 Resolv'd to change them, and, strait, take the veil,  
 Or try the pow'r of salt-water emersion,  
 Or rustivating, on a month's excursion.

If gaunt, lank Byng, bent under wealth, and age, 170  
 'Gainst such small game, could vent his angry rage,  
 Without or chick, or child, to please, or vex,  
 Himself, a lordly knight for Middlesex,  
 Sure, portly Sussex should have condescended  
 To speak the truth—and, once, the poor, befriended.

Had Elliot brew'd no mischief, but his beer,  
 Or, e'en remain'd a simple volunteer,  
 His pigmy rush-gleams had not reach'd us here ;  
 But, still, confin'd to madame's breeding station,  
 Had damnified our surplus population, 180



Gladdening the hearts of butcher, and of baker,  
 And, in due season too, of undertaker;  
 With endless progeny of pretty quaker,  
 Well pleas'd to pluck his flowers, and eat his fruit,  
 Nor ask, of horticulture, how to do't.

Come then, my royals, paragons, and peers,  
 Unite with Elliot, and his volunteers,  
 To make you, hapless scape-goffull amends;  
 When you, and he, and I will, all, be friends.  
 A christian maxim, is, live and let live,  
 And what we can't forget, we should forgive:

Then, at your charge, we'll breakfast, dine, and sup,  
 Nor add another word, save—make it up.

END OF CANTO IV.

OF THE AUTHOR OF THIS CANTO

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